JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1963

3D. EVERY MONDAY

CASTLES ON SAND

By The EDITOR

OUT WITH THE NAVY

HANG TOGETHER!

by A. G. G.

There's health protection for your home in LIFEBUOY'S *antiseptic lather!*

It washes away germs wherever it's used.

It's so reassuring to know Lifebuoy's on the job of health protection. The busiest mother can take this fine precaution without extra trouble—because wherever it's used Lifebuoy works for health.

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CADBURY means QUALITY

Ministry of Food's "National Milk-Cocoa Scheme" extended

EXTRA FOOD
FOR YOUNG WORKERS

THERE is good news — *food* news — to-day for young workers and for the Nation, which values their sturdy health and needs their strength. The Ministry of Food's National Milk-Cocoa is now available through their employers to *all* workers under eighteen in factories, agriculture, shops and offices where a hot drink can be served, and to under-eighteens in recognised youth organisations holding catering licences. There's a man's strength in this daily cup of National Milk-Cocoa — an extra special ration of nourishment.

If you are an Employer or are in charge of a youth organisation

The Ministry of Food asks you to make a special effort to provide National Milk-Cocoa every day for the young workers in your employment or charge, and explain to them the advantages of this privilege. A maximum charge of 1d. a cup is allowed though many firms are serving National Milk-Cocoa free of charge.

To order National Milk-Cocoa

Write at once to your local Food Office, stating the number of staff, employees or members under 18 years old and asking for a permit for National Milk-Cocoa. Nothing could be easier to make and serve: all that is added is hot water.

If you are a young worker

Don't on any account miss this 'extra ration' scheme. If you show your employer that you're keen about it, he will take steps to provide it. Increase your strength and safeguard your health by making it a daily habit. You'll like its sweetness and chocolate flavour. What 'Op. meals' are to the R.A.F., National Milk-Cocoa is to the young worker: a little bit of something the others haven't got!

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

FOOD FACTS

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 185

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SOLITAIRE
SOLE LEATHER DRESSING

Please leave Horlicks for those who need it most

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Potatoes ....

BAKED, BOILED OR MASHED

are delicious with

MARMITE

THE YEAST FOOD EXTRACT

Try this way of making potatoes more delicious, more digestible, and more nutritious. Mix a little Marmite with margarine and spread it on your baked or boiled potatoes, or just use a dab of Marmite straight from the jar.

Marmite is the concentrated extract of Yeast. Its appetising flavour improves soups, stews, gravies and sandwiches.

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 29, 1944, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

FAIR SHARE

● **In this war, as in the last, JOHN BULL has been the Services' champion. So we should not be misunderstood if we argue that not only Service men and women should be entitled to whatever plums may ripen after the war.**

The Tories insist that special training to fit disabled men for new jobs should first be reserved for those injured by a war risk.

That sounds fair enough. But what of the lads conscripted for the pits? What of the men and women ordered into war factories?

Surely it would be fairer to make training available to everyone who needs it?

So with the Bill designed to guarantee the return of their old peacetime jobs to fighting men. It doesn't give any promise to the volunteer firemen who saved Britain during the "blitz." Well, shouldn't it?

First call on new houses, too, will apparently go to Servicemen. But that might be hard on the young men and women who haven't been allowed to get into uniform—but without whose unremitting and often dangerous toil at the factory bench our uniformed men wouldn't be able to fight.

In other words, we are all in this war together. And there should be no privileged class in future.

JOHN BULL believes that Service men and women will agree that the New World we hope to build should be open to all.

traight from the Shoulder

WE MUST HURRY

IME is no less our enemy now than in the dark days of 1940.

Germany has lost the war.

But we have yet to win it, nd an immense amount of work ust be done before the last bitter ttle can be reached.

Generals and their staffs have but tely assembled to complete the ans for the Western Front. Land- craft and aeroplanes in pro- gious quantities have still to be ilt and ferried across the Atlantic.

leventh Hour

Meanwhile, the enemy has a little re time in which to perfect his fences.

He is hurriedly constructing more rodromes in France. He is further engthening the coastal belt, thirty les deep, of concrete walls and tank- ps, heavy guns and pill-boxes.

ross-Fire

t would be easy to sneer at Rommel's notley crew." His divisions in France lude White Russians, Tartars, quis- Dutch, Poles, Czechs, Croats, ians and Spaniards.

ut it will not be easy to storm the ches they hold. The first wave of ng British and American assault ops will face the heaviest cross-fire r devised.

Not even the gigantic strength of our forces will be able to undo in a few urs the Nazi labour of years.

ak Effort

hey will have not only to bomb forti- tions, they will be engaged in the st fiercesome aerial battles of the war. efore then, thousands of 'planes will ugh through shells and trailing nbs, rockets and fighter fleets, to ter Germany's homeland.

Reserve

espite the German temperament, er has long refrained from "reprisal s" on this country. We should be ish to reckon from this that the *twaffe* is finished. Rather should we to calculate how many 'planes Ger- y has been able to store up in recent ths.

hey will come out against our in- on forces. And perhaps against our s also.

o's Fight

time is not our ally in Western ope. Nor in Yugoslavia. There the y is striving savagely to obliterate wounded Marshal Tito before we can de the Balkans. Tito's territory has cut almost in two.

is fighting against tanks and heavy . He is without either; we have him only light equipment.

hy? Surely we can control most of Adriatic?

Russia Sweeps On

Even Russia is struggling against the clock. Ignoring the length of her communications, taking a gallant risk with supplies, she is pressing on before the Spring slush engulfs lorries and guns.

On the southern sector, indeed, the roads are already soft. In the north, the great new offensives gather momentum.

Not Broken.

The enemy is being driven back scores of miles. He is being mauled and pounded. But he is not broken. There is retreat, but not rout.

The significant point is that Germany cannot now afford to give up land even to save her armies from encirclement.

Look Eastwards

The Chinese fight no less grimly. Their chief of staff reports that the Japanese had to maintain thirty-nine divisions in China last year. Against them, the Chinese fought 5,427 engagements.

The enemy losses were 160,000 killed or wounded. Chinese casualties were fewer—a change from previous years.

Heralds

Not much longer should China have to struggle alone. Though our present Burma thrusts are on a small scale, they herald mighty blows to come.

Yet here, too, much remains to be done before the massive armies can come to grips.

Real Unity

Above all, there should be a sense of urgency in our diplomatic affairs. Unless real unity is secured between the United Nations, the coming military developments will aggravate political disagreements.

The *Pravda* paragraph was but one of recent causes for dismay.

The American Press did not help by its sensational treatment of what *Pravda*, after all, printed frankly as a Cairo rumour.

"I AM GLAD I REMEMBERED I WAS STILL A REGISTERED READER"—

writes Mr. P. A. Couzens, of Station Road, Chipping Sodbury, in acknowledging cheque paid under our Free Insurance.

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Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Big Problems

There is the ominous dispute between Russia and Poland. The trouble over the refugee Governments and kings of Greece and Yugoslavia.

The appalling political muddle in Italy, where popular mistrust of Badoglio and King Victor seems to be coming to a head.

The Italians will hardly be soothed by Mr. Eden's assurance that he is now inquiring into the official appointment, by "Amgot," of a man who helped to found Fascism.

Be Firm

The Russo-Polish flare-up has emphasised the danger which has existed since these two allies broke off relations last April. Needing attention are other matters which might raise barriers of mistrust and disunity between the Allies.

We should be firmer in dealing with the pro-Fascist dictatorships of the Argentine and Bolivia. We should not countenance the transport of essential war materials to Germany from our dictatorship ally, Portugal.

And we should at last realise that disapproving words do not cut much ice in Franco's Spain.

Dangerous Fruit

The exploding oranges have served to remind us of a whole list of unfriendly acts by Spain.

Where Franco has had to retreat from open hostility he has resorted to trickery. Sometimes he employs both methods—thus, his troops are still fighting on the Russian front despite his promises that they would all be home by last Christmas.

What Does It Mean?

Even larger issues remain open.

"Unconditional Surrender" is a parrot-cry long since discredited. Progressive-minded people in our own land dislike it. The Russians frankly hate it

A more enlightened and practical formula is overdue.

Appeal to Action

Not only the Russians know there are considerable anti-Nazi elements in Germany. The neutrals know it, too.

Obviously, it would be worth our while to encourage these anti-Nazis to work with us instead of against us. To do that we must state a definite policy—and "definite" is the last word that could be applied either to our policy or the propaganda by which it should be exploited.

Weak Weapon

Propaganda has been our weakest weapon in a war that should be waged by words as well as arms.

Our words have been a disgrace to the arms which saved the world. They contrast feebly with the deeds of the R.A.F., the Eighth Army, and the Navy, and have betrayed the lack of a positive programme.

Strengthen them, clarify them into a real message, and they could reap bloodless victories not only in Germany but throughout the quivering Balkans!

For Prosperity

We have failed, again, to devise and announce an international economic policy of expansion and full employment of the world's resources.

Without such a policy the peace will not be prosperous. Or stable!

Need for Speed

Then there is U.N.R.R.A. A grand conception this. An organisation without which we could not feed, clothe and restore the shattered industries of the countries we shall redeem from slavery.

It has made a good start. But its machinery must be ready to revolve at a terrific pace during the coming months. And some parts of the machinery have still to be fitted!

Air War

Pace must be quickened, moreover, in dealing with the arrangements for civil air traffic. Otherwise, peace might bring a new kind of air warfare.

One British business magnate has just advocated a monopoly for private enterprise. Luckily, Australia and New Zealand have wisely agreed that an international authority should control air transport, and there are hopes that the U.S.A. will agree.

Looking Ahead

The incredible muddle over the drafting of boys to the coal pits should not distract from this fact; the mines will never be efficient or peaceful until they are brought under national control.

As we remind you on other pages, Ministers will have to work overtime during the next few months if we are to be ready for the task of switching over from war to peace.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE first six sitting days of the Parliamentary New Year have ended with healthy portents. Members returned from their constituencies in a state of vigorous dissatisfaction.

Behind the Scenes

From the speeches in the House you could not have gauged the strength of feeling; but behind the scenes things have certainly been moving.

Hardly a voice has been raised about the way the war is being run. The Prime Minister, as war leader, is stronger in esteem than ever he was. His welcome home showed that all right It's the Coalition that's being attacked—and its capacity to organise for peace.

There Were Doubts

M.P.s came back to the world's greatest democratic assembly with fresh doubts about its democratic basis. They found, as usual, not an established Opposition, but the old hostility from unorganised, changing critics.

And they remembered what could be done at Skipton and Darwen.

Coming Trend

Look out for a determined drift back to Party politics in this session—probably the last of the war against Germany, and quite definitely the most vital so far as reconstruction is concerned.

Prodding On

It's a good tendency. Party politics means the right of free election of policies as well as M.P.s. Therefore, it can't mean any weakening in the way the war is fought. What it *can* mean is a proper say for the people in those post-war fundamentals of food, work, and homes.

And it can mean prodding and more prodding till the Government does more than—from Lord Woolton's Liverpool speech—it appears to have done.

Unchecked

One more Parliamentary point. . . . It's been pretty generally agreed for some time that Government by Order should be cut down to the minimum. That's to say, Ministers should have to seek the Commons' definite approval for their measures instead of relying on a series of Orders which are enforced in the absence of a specific challenge in the House.

With the Critics

Despite this, the Government is constantly relying on Orders which give the Ministers vague but enormous powers. The Reinstatement in Civil Employment Bill (discussed on the next page) is an example. There's going to be some strong criticism of the method in the next week or two. JOHN BULL sides with the critics.

Quietly at Work

There's nothing to criticise about the way in which the National Arbitration Tribunal has been going about its duties. Last week the Tribunal heard its five-hundredth industrial dispute.

Out of the whole five hundred cases only one decision has caused any serious trouble—the award on engineering wages which was the immediate cause of the Barrow engineers' strike last October.

While They Talk

While all the fine talk goes on about safeguarding the interests of our men and women in the Forces, JOHN BULL receives week after week, accounts of treatment that should never be permitted.

Let's give one or two of the latest cases and hope that something will be done about them *now*.

At the Seaside

A corporal in the R.A.F. tells us that his wife, who is working in Blackpool, shares two furnished rooms with another Serviceman's wife. The other woman has a boy of 11, and the three have to use the same bedroom.

For this accommodation, without food, the corporal's wife has to pay 35s. a week out of her wages of 47s.

Packed Up

A W.A.A.F., working on radiolocation, returned to her flat in a London suburb the other week and heard at the beginning of her seven days' leave that she'd have to quit. The flat was wanted for an elderly relative of the owners who had the whole house.

The girl's husband is serving in North Africa. She was helpless. In seven short days there is no time to consult solicitors and argue the case. She packed up.

Homecoming

Her belongings are stored in a back room lent by a friend. Now she's got no home. When her husband comes on leave, he'll have nowhere to go.

Another husband *did* come on leave from North Africa earlier this month. He arrived to find that his wife had been taken to a London hospital with appendicitis.

Kept to Hours

He was allowed to see her for the first couple of evenings for a few minutes. Then he was ordered to keep to the visiting hours—Thursdays and Sundays, three hours in all.

"I shall have finished my leave by the time my wife comes out," this soldier writes. "I have only been able to spend seven days with her since we were married, and she is all I live for."

The hospital authorities surely can't worship their rules to the point of insanity?

Officer Agrees

From hardships on land to hardships at sea. . . .

The other week we drew attention to the bad conditions aboard some of the ships in which our merchant seamen have to sail. A reader—a fireman—described the cockroaches which swarmed in his bed. Now an engineer-officer has written to support the complaint.

He says he can put up with cockroaches in his cabin, but he *does* mind having them baked in his bread and cooked in his soup.

Extra Discomfort

This is not funny. Men of the Merchant Navy have enough dangers to face without suffering this unnecessary discomfort. Moreover, they know as well as anyone that everything cannot be just as they'd like it in war time.

But if an officer has to complain of vermin in his food what are the conditions in which some of the lower ratings live?

The Big Mouth

A JOHN BULL representative, travelling from Grimsby to London recently, heard an R.A.F. man tell a crowded carriage: "There's going to be a big raid on Germany to-night, and I think Berlin is included."

There was a big raid that night, and Berlin was included.

He described to all and sundry what he called "an infallible trick by which any civilian can find out whether there's going to be a big raid."

We won't describe it, but the Air Ministry can have details.

Ruffled

Another colleague, making another journey from the North of England was standing impatiently waiting for his train which was already late. He thought of the explanations constantly being put out to soothe travellers. Vital war traffic, convoys and so on. But he wasn't soothed.

And the Reason

At the far end of the platform was an engine and a couple of coaches. Army officers were about. So was a small crowd. He went to investigate, found it was a hospital train with wounded soldiers being tended by nurses.

He caught a glimpse of a white face, of a brave soldier's smile, of the shoulder of a man too ill to smile. He waited patiently till the hospital train moved out and his own steamed in.

Road or Rail?

Not everyone has to be content with rail journeys. But, quite rightly, the police keep keen watch on citizens who use petrol. Still, they did nothing recently about a man who crossed England by road instead of taking one of the dozen or so daily trains.

He was a police official.

This Way Out

Firemen are very particular over precautions. But precautions, like charity, might begin at home, and there's reason why an important N.F.S. stati which we know should have one of two exits barred by piles of drainpipe

What happens if a bomb blocks other way out?

Off Guard

The Ministry of Labour's energies not all taken up with the trouble the "Bevin Boys." East Angl officials have just had time to a reader to join the Home Guard.

It's the third order he's had in last nine months. He joined original L.D.V. and has been a Ho Guard N.C.O. for the last two year

Good Answer

A letter from a reader who c plained of the quality of the milk plied at school to his child was pa on to the Board of Education. have been assured that the matter be taken up immediately. Fine.

Speed On

Moreover, the Board says that a c plete census has recently been take find out the kind of milk supplied each school, and that "safe" milk going to be supplied wherever poss in cases where there is reason complaint.

All we ask now is that there sho not be the slightest delay. Let wheels of bureaucracy run at breakn speed when children's health is in p

One Man's Drink

A draper in Harrogate heads on his advertisements with an attack on Beveridge scheme. "L.S.D." he s "need not become 'meaningless symb provided we all (recognising how we shall be) work hard and do not £2,500,000,000 p.a. to £1,500,000,000 (normal post-war budget) for the Be idge and other Utopian schemes of s security."

Is that good advertising? perhaps in Harrogate.

No Waste of Paper

JOHN BULL always reckons to the interests of the Forces. . . .

A Manor Park, London, father two copies of the paper each week his son in Italy. "They are well re he says, "and not long ago my gave an old issue to an Italian fa It brought him a nice glass of sh in exchange."

PROFIT For two years a Sheffield man lay dying, and for two years his wife nursed him through his hopeless sickness. They had no children; he was all she had. Immediately after his death was announced a local furniture firm jumped in with a letter offering to buy the widow's furniture. Good business?

AND

A woman doctor in Burnley, Lancashire, writes to say she's heard lately of very poor people in the district being charged £30 and upwards for funerals. As if the loss of a relative was not enough, families have had bills with every possible addition. Very often the expenses tally exactly with the insurance money. Is this accidental—or just more good business? **LOSS**

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **"Monty" found a special staff waiting to help him in his invasion job. Not much remains of it now—he preferred to make his own choice!**
- *New Mustang fighter can escort bombers to Berlin. So Germans fear that Spring will bring night AND day attacks on their capital.*
- Air-Marshal Tedder is tipped for ever bigger job when the Second Front operations are over.
- **But there's still a lot of controversy, behind the scenes, about the part to be played in the coming months by Harris's heavy bomber force.**
- *Move of 6,000 Gestapo troops into Denmark is the beginning of a "total occupation" of Continental key-countries by a specially created new formation of Black Guards, trained for foreign service.*
- Trek of German settlers returning from the East is presenting Nazi authorities with grave new problem. Disappointed people whom the German government induced to give up their homes in exchange for a "glorious opportunity" in Russia and Poland are spreading defeatism. Despite *Gestapo*.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

CASTLES ON THE SAND

IF there is one thing upon which public opinion is solid, it is that there should be jobs waiting for our fighting men when they come back to peace.

Hence the general welcome to Mr. Bevin's reinstatement in Civil Employment Bill, which seeks to insure at least six months' work in their old jobs to Service men—and women—should they wish to return to them after demobilisation.

There will have to be searching study of this measure, clause by clause, when it comes before the House.

Several proposals may need to be modified or strengthened, but we shall not here discuss debatable points before they have been debated.

The point JOHN BULL does feel obliged to make is that this Bill and several others soon to be considered have no sure foundation in Government policy, and without that they are like so many castles on the sand.

For industry cannot guarantee permanent full employment to ex-Servicemen, or to war workers, or any other section of the community, until the Government has safeguarded the future of British industry itself.

The trouble after the last war was that, when the Great Depression blighted the world, hundreds of thousands of men with or without good service records were sacked because there was no work for them to do.

And unless we make plans to avoid a similar disaster, in a few years' time all sand-castle legislation may again be washed away by the first tidal slump to assail our shores.

Now, is there any way by which this country can assure steady work at a decent wage to all its able-bodied citizens?

Sir William Beveridge and other experts believe there is—provided the Government makes its plans in time, and is prepared to see them through in spite of selfish opposition and the stubborn minority fear of all drastic changes.

JOHN BULL emphatically agrees. Having regard to our present war effort, nothing will convince us that Britain *cannot* find useful work at a fair wage for all fit citizens.

But you can't drive the national engines on wet air. You can't make work for all merely by saying you believe in full employment.

To-day's public wants to know not only what the Government hopes to do but how it proposes to do it.

People are getting tired of hearing about plans which are "under consideration." They feel the time has come for our leaders to put their complete plans before the country—*and then get on with them!*

CONSIDER certain facts. Parliament is waiting now to consider three important Bills, each welcome and well intentioned, but all lacking the foundation of a clear-cut national policy.

These are the Reinstatement Bill already mentioned, the Education Bill, and the Disabled Persons (Employment) Bill, but the three of them put together form no more than a small part of the gigantic legislative programme which has been foreshadowed by one Minister after another.

The linch-pin of the progressive chariot is undoubtedly the Beveridge Plan. For this plan has not only captured the popular imagination, but, so far, it offers the only positive programme for "Social Security" which has been put before the country.

The Government, patting Sir William gently on the back and giving his plan a dubiously qualified blessing, has promised to issue a White Paper in the near future summarising its own Social Security proposals.

Well, JOHN BULL has called consistently for "All Beveridge and More." But, though we know in advance that the Government's beverage has been watered down and will be much underproof, we badly want to have it on tap—such as it is.

One ounce of constructive action now may be worth a ton of pious promise for the never-never land of an undated to-morrow.

But, when the Government produces its precious White Paper, we shall still have to wait for a debate on the Paper itself, and then for the introduction of a Bill, or Bills, to put whatever proposals Parliament may approve into effect.

And the war may be over before any effective legislation has reached the Statute Book!

State control of the land in the best interests of the community is essential to any sound scheme of post-war reconstruction. Here, again, we can count upon nothing but the promise of early proposals.

These, in their turn, must lead to prolonged debate; then to the introduction of appropriate Bills; and only at long last to the passage of workable laws and the voting of practical credits.

The pace is too slow—too dreadfully and dangerously slow.

Housing is not a problem which can be safely left to work itself out during coming years. Our people will want homes fit to live in soon after the war is over, not when they have to hobble to the front door on a pair of sticks.

A truly national building programme would provide years of work for a million and a quarter workers, but the Government's housing plans are still in the air.

Local authorities are urged to complete their own schemes. Yet it is obvious that no such schemes can be put into effect until the Government's policy is declared and the local leaders know where they stand in regard to funds and control of suitable building sites.

Mildewed though it be by years of "careful consideration," there is at least the framework of a land purchase and site planning policy in the Barlow, Scott and Uthwatt Reports, and we may shortly get some part of these Reports adopted.

But we know of no positive policy for post-war mining, or national transport, or agriculture, or industry in general.

And yet these are matters of vital concern to every one of us. Full employment cannot be achieved except by solving the major problems which they present.

And these problems cannot be solved until we have a stable world with a planned economic order.

JOHN BULL has said repeatedly that Britain alone can never hope to prosper unless all her world neighbours are prospering also.

The beginnings of international planning have emerged under the stress of war. They must be preserved, fostered and developed to the full in the peace which follows, or all our sacrifices will have been in vain.

For instance, we do not think any kind of social security will be possible for any country without a degree of control over industrial monopolies.

WE feel certain that the manufacture of armaments should be taken out of private hands altogether; that air transport should be strictly regulated both to national—and international—ends, and that the land we live in should be available to meet the public need wherever it exists.

And we are not afraid to consider nationalisation of the mines and general transport, or of banking or any other vital national service.

But the crying need of the present moment is not for any one of these things in itself, but for a positive plan of action over the whole field of reconstruction.

If this Government hopes to survive the war, it must provide a real foundation of general policy now for all the social legislation it is prepared to advocate. Sand castles are uninsurable, and the country is clamouring for solid building to begin.

Praise is due to Mr. Bevin, therefore, for trying to give a fair deal to the men who have fought their way to victory. But it is up to the Government as a whole to guarantee his efforts by a declaration of policy and the presentation of a practical programme, without which his Bill and many like it will not be worth the paper on which they are printed.

In Poland Now—2. Underground 'Varsities

YOU have read about Poland's secret broadcasting transmitter and about her underground Court of Judges.

But there are two other vital aspects of national life in which she has refused to be beaten down by the *Gestapo*—education and religion.

The education permitted by the *Gestapo* in Poland is confined to children between the ages of seven and twelve—and is designed to fit them as slaves of the Herrenvolk.

* * *

But for youth beyond this age there are secret secondary and advanced schools in many parts of Poland.

In Warsaw alone, for instance, there are two underground universities, at which almost half the pre-war number of degrees are being conferred!

You must, of course, dismiss from your mind the idea of the cloistered calm of Oxford's colleges.

The universities of which I speak hold their classes in outhouses, cellars, barns—indeed, any place known to be safe for the moment from the *Gestapo*.

Professors have been known to move their "classrooms" six times in one day!

But the undergraduates become graduates for all that.

And there is not the shortage you might suppose of educational textbooks.

The underground Press—apart from its well-known activities in the publication of 120 newspapers all over Poland—also publishes all types of primary and advanced textbooks.

And hand-in-hand with education goes the courageous growth of religion.

The *Gestapo's* notorious murders of religious leaders in Poland have had a result which anyone but the ignorant thugs who compose the guiding light of the Nazi hierarchy must have known would be inevitable.

Religion to-day is perhaps the strongest of all the strong forces at work in underground Poland.

★ ★ ★

In cellars and hiding-places all over the country, theological classes are held for the training of ministers, priests, and rabbis to take the place of the martyred leaders.

Ministers, priests, and rabbis.

In that mixed trio you have the secret of the strength of the Polish underground movement.

The section which handles politics and religion includes advisers of every shade of opinion and faith. A true coalition body, with Catholics, Protestants, and Jews working hand-in-hand for the salvation of Poland's cultural life it has from the first prevented those diversities of views and purpose which have done so much to disunite the patriots of Yugoslavia, Greece and other tormented countries.

And while all this has been taking place, the organisation of civil government has been going ahead fast.

★ ★ ★

So fast, indeed, that at this moment competent and thoroughly trained Polish officials are ready to take over the control of every community in the country within hours of a German capitulation!

What has Germany to show against this?

During the four years she has "ruled" Poland her *Gestapo* has exterminated some five millions of the Polish people—and still has to maintain an army of 500,000 troops and a force of 60,000 *Gestapo* agents within its borders.

And she has not yet caught one of the real leaders of the underground movement.

H. K.

Thomas Johnston, Secretary for Scotland

Rt. Hon. THOMAS JOHNSTON, M.P.,
Secretary for Scotland

DEAR MR. JOHNSTON,—The fact that crime among children is increasing as the war drags out should, viewed objectively, be regarded as one of the inevitable penalties youth pays for the errors of men and women.

But no one with the welfare of youth at heart can approach the problem of juvenile offenders with anything but pity and compassion.

These "bad" boys and girls are the by-product of war.

In many cases they are deprived of the one thing which can steady them and keep them straight—parental control and a home life where love is present.

I wonder just what home conditions are like in that street in Ayr where, in one year, 15 per cent. of 350 children appeared in juvenile courts?

You told a convention in Edinburgh that the figure of boy delinquency in that street may well be 30 per cent.

Should we blame the boys? Are they the guilty party?

Edinburgh's Chief Constable suggested to the Convention that where children were repeatedly in trouble the parents should be made to attend a centre for instruction and guidance in methods of dealing with them.

In other words, instead of visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, let the fathers and mothers be held in part responsible for the errors of their children.

If this principle were carried to its logical conclusion and parents were penalised for the offences of their offspring, I think we would soon see a marked decline in business at juvenile courts.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

LADY ASTOR, M.P.
Sutton, Plymouth

DEAR LADY ASTOR,—To beard the Prime Minister on his return from Morocco with a request that he should make a speech telling just what he really does think about women (at a time when Mr. Churchill is concerned with the most momentous decisions of the past four momentous years) savours of banter.

In any case, dare Mr. Churchill, even given the time and opportunity, really say *all* that he thinks of your sex? Dare any man, for that matter?

Experience teaches the wisdom of a still tongue, and, as Butler wrote in "Hudibras":

"Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail."

And Winston, stoutest of men, yet remains—a man.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. F. HOWELL EVERSON,
New Barnet Methodist Church

DEAR SIR,—Your idea of a new church militant is a sound one.

You told London Publicity Club that, if people would not take heed of the pulpit in the Church, then the Church should use the pulpit which every man must use every day—the pulpit of the Press.

Such a proposal, if acted on, would outrage the feelings of many people who view with unmixed horror any attempt to bring religion down to the level of the man in the street.

They prefer a religion which is a strange mixture of tea parties, jumble sales, weekly sermons, and a little, but not too much, visiting.

The prospect of a Church advertising itself and its message, and of carrying that message into the homes of the people, may be disgusting to them.

But they should remember that the Man whose message it is, carried it Himself along the highways and byways. His pulpit was in the streets and the fields; and He was not too proud to advertise.

The Church must wake up.

Unless it advances with the times and meets its obligations in the modern manner there is little or no hope of its influence on the nation being extended.

Press and Church together could work wonders in spreading the Master's message.—JOHN BULL.

Sir G. TYRWHITT-DRAKE,
Cobtree Manor, Maidstone

DEAR SIR,—To-day we all accept more or less the fact that when the war ends young men will demand, and maybe gain, more voice in directing the affairs of the country.

Enriched, in some respects, by the lessons of war, embittered in others, and wholly determined to secure for the people of Britain a future free from want and idle poverty, they will be prepared to work for that future as fiercely as they are fighting now to ensure it.

But there are people like you who view in this trend something not entirely desirable.

You want these young men bound hand and foot to the political machine and reduced to terms of a common factor in the House of Commons.

"Young men with political views and aspirations, whether Parliamentary or even municipal, should," you say, "serve their apprenticeship with their local Party organisation, and they should expect to do some of the donkey work before being considered for the race for Parliamentary honours."

"Unless," you add, "they have proved their ability to be able to take their jumps with some hope of finishing the course successfully, I would prefer an older veteran who understands the game, even if he is a bit slower."

I have always felt that politics is the curse of the voting classes.

The machine grinds on. It rejects men of brain, who rebel against its authority. It makes a game of Westminster. It has reduced Government to a representation of wealth and power.

Politics are not the basis of Government.

Politicians are no servants of Britain. The Party machine does not put the State or the people first.

We don't want M.P.s who understand the political game. We want men who understand the nation's needs.—JOHN BULL.

The Men of Britain's New Fighting Service

DEAR LADS,—So you've begun to fight for Britain.

Not in the way so many of you would have liked, behind a Spitfire's cannon, in the turret of a tank, or in a proud battleship, but in an equally important and honourable way, on the coal front.

You're going to find it hard at first. Some of you have come from pleasant homes, where gentleness and staunchness are family traditions.

Some of you have come from the noise and bustle of great cities; some from the quiet, serene beauty of rural Britain.

I doubt if one of you wants to be a miner.

For that matter, there are thousands of Servicemen to whom discipline and fighting are repugnant. Few people want to do the things that conscience dictates they must do, such as Fire Guard duty, Home Guard patrols, unremitting toil in the factories.

But first reports indicate that you are prepared to do your bit at the coal face, just as you were prepared to do your bit in the Navy, Army or Air Force.

You will find in the colliers of this country great love of life and great qualities of living

They are warm-hearted men, whether they produce that precious coal in Durham, in Northumberland, or in the Rhondda Valley.

They'll make you welcome if you decide to make the best of a bad job. But they'll soon show their disapproval if you grouse and grumble.

Whatever you do and think, please always remember that you are members of Britain's newest—and, at this juncture of the war, probably the greatest—Fighting Service.

When it's all over, the country will remember with gratitude how you speeded up coal production.—JOHN BULL.

One Restless Night

BEYOND the world of thing seen and known are many mysteries which, though beyond our mental grasp, are taken for granted. We accept the star-bejewelled canvas of the limitless sky and say, "What a lovely night."

★ ★ ★

We accept the sun and its majesty the infinite pain and beauty of child birth, the growth of trees and flowers and the eternal cycle of life and death.

And because those things have always been with us and the knowledge of their presence is handed down through many casual centuries they become part of the inventory of our little lives.

Yet there are times when we feel or rather sense the infinite and intangible forces at work around us. Here is a true story which points a mystery I cannot solve:

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

On a certain night this month my small daughter awoke in the early hours and screamed for "Mummy."

She said something vague about the Germans and a dream. She is only four and links the Germans with broken (bombed) houses.

I, too, spent a restless night. I dreamed that I was a high-ranking officer in the R.A.F. and that I was consulted by a Very High Personage who sought advice as to whether or not he should permit his daughter (another V.H.P.) to attend a course of live grenade throwing.

My wife, too, had a "wretched" night; and of a dozen friends nine confessed to a night of fitful and broken slumber. (Two of these nine normally sleep like the proverbial log.)

One man with whom I discussed the possibilities of this restless night hazarded the theory that the world at times is affected by waves of emotional crisis or strain; and that the subconscious mind of man reacts in various ways to the influence of this mighty psychic force.

His theory is as good as any other so far as these awful mysteries are concerned. For all we know—and the sum of our knowledge on these matters is as a pin-point on the canvas of time—there may be powers both benign and malevolent which seek constantly to sway the mind of man, to drive him towards good or evil, and to battle constantly for what we term the soul.

★ ★ ★

Why, in a small circle of friends should the majority be troubled in sleep and mind at a certain hour on a certain day? Those friends are not in sympathy. Their ways are diverse and their outlooks on life in many respects have little in common.

I could, no doubt, get from psychiatrists and psychologists verbose and high-flown "explanations" of such things. Their "explanations" are not acceptable, for the reason that no argument or view is authoritative unless it springs from knowledge.

Theories and interpretations are not enough. As little children stumble in the dark, we can only hope that some day the first all-revealing ray of knowledge of the infinite will light the way to the absolute.

Out With The Navy—1

Great waves surged over our bows—even up to the bridge

Appointment in Home Waters

By MAURICE FAGENCE

WE were a lone ship in a vast ocean—a destroyer, to be exact—steaming hard to keep an appointment with a homeward-bound convoy.

To me the sea was mountainous. Even to the captain, with whom I was standing on the bridge, it was "pretty rough."

Once it leapt over our bows, described a huge arc that ended at the open-neck of my duffle coat, and poured between skin and underclothing into my boots.

Then, when I had learned how to take avoiding action, it resorted to throwing me like a ju-jitsu expert.

"Which is what your underground trains do to me," said the captain, standing as steady as a gyroscopic top.

And now the convoy came into view—although, to be quite honest, not my view.

Indeed, it took me another twenty minutes of staring through as strong a pair of binoculars as they had in the ship to see anything on the horizon—and then it was only a wisp of smoke.

But the wisp became a long pencil of smudge, from which there emerged first the winking of a signalling lamp talking to us and next the grey silhouette of the ships.

At last we were among them. New ships. Battered old ships. Fresh hulls. Rusty hulls. Tramps. Modern sea-going cargo boats.

Spreading as far ahead as the eye could see—and beyond.

You can't talk to convoys. If you could, I know what I would have said.

I would have told them that we were going to see them through the perils of E-Boat Alley, as perhaps they guessed.

That, although they had no air umbrella, fighters were waiting at call—*our* call—along the whole coast they were going to traverse.

Comic Opera Fleet

That their biggest danger in these waters was going to be by night—from the quick-swooping E-boats that lurk about in the earliest shadows of dusk to hit and kill in the dark and then make off.

And that they could depend on us—I don't include myself—to see, and hear, and hit back in a matter of seconds.

And to bring help from a Royal Navy which is ever on guard.

I would have asked them where they had come from, although I knew quite well they had not come from any one destination.

For convoys start in a small way in distant oceans, and grow like Topsy at this port and that. And then, as ships leave them, may even grow smaller. Then, perhaps, bigger again.

There were, indeed, coasters at ports ahead of us waiting to join *this* convoy.

And I would have asked them what their losses had been on the way over. Convoys do not even tell that to latecomers to the convoy.

I would have asked about the chevrons I saw painted on the bridges of some of them.

One big old-timer—"that ship's been at sea for fifty years if a day," said an officer beside me; and proudly—had six chevrons painted on her bridge.

Six torpedoes aimed at her? Six escapes of one kind or another? Six blows at the enemy? You can't find out in convoy.

In some ways it was what you would expect a convoy to be.

It was moving slowly—at the speed of the slowest.

Last of all was a fussy little ship beating the sea into foam even at this pace—looking for all the world like a small boy afraid of being left behind by his brothers.

There was an American "Liberty" ship such as our Allies are mass-producing in a matter of days—big, grey, business-like looking, and, on the statement of an officer near me, with excellent lines.

Her crew, I noticed, were showing a keen interest in us. Perhaps it was her first trip to British home waters, for nobody on the other ships semed to look at us.

Except officers on their bridges, who raised their hands in greeting to our captain, who always replied with a salute and a smile that they couldn't see.

Some of these ships were red with rust from end to end. A few were patchworks of new paint, old paint, rust and undercoat.

A tanker looked one half new and the other half old—giving a grotesque Harlequin effect.

Some had glass wind-screens on their bridges. Other canvas. Others still, old sacks.

One had splinter defences of old bedmattresses.

On they pulsed—a comic opera fleet or the life-blood of the British war effort. It depends how deeply you care to think about it.

I know only that if they had been a couple of hundred s.s. *Queen Marys* steaming in line the Admiralty could not have been more determined to hide their whereabouts.

Duty Till Dawn

Not until an hour or so before our destroyer sailed did our captain know that he was going to escort this convoy—or even that it was due.

And not until we were well out to sea did he tell me.

And now night fell and, as I imagine it, some of the men on those cargo boats began to look forward to a night's "kip."

But not so the officers and men on our destroyer.

"Action stations" is the order at dusk in ships of the Royal Navy sailing in what are pleasantly known as "home waters."

Every man must be at his post of duty—all through the night until dawn comes.

Think of this on those winter nights when gales rage out of the icy north or the rain or sleet wakes you in your warm beds.

Men may sleep, but only near their posts, often in exposed parts of the ship. And then only when those posts are fully manned by wide-awake men who can get the ship into action in a matter of seconds.

There was, for instance, a wooden box about 4 ft. high by 5 ft. by 3 ft. on our bridge, not high enough to make a good bicycle shed, not long enough for a good-sized pram.

Here slept the captain, in a chair with a blanket flung over him, with a kitten clinging to the breast of his heavy sea-clothes. Slept perhaps for a whole hour at a time if he was lucky—but only if he was lucky.

Between Minefields

I sailed for a week on this my first war time experience of the Royal Navy.

Never once did an officer take off his clothes, except for a day-time bath.

Never let those words "home waters" deceive you into doing anything less than justice to these officers and men alike who guard our shores and life-lines.

For these are the waters in which the enemy's bases abound.

Here, where you move in avenues between minefields, where enemy aircraft may be lurking in the clouds above you and his fastest naval craft in the shadows with which dusk surrounds you, it isn't enough to say you can get your finger on the trigger in ten seconds.

Your finger must be on the trigger all the time.

And the trigger is only ready for instantaneous action so far as a warship is concerned when every man is at his post.

E-Boat Alley—in darkness through which my landlubber eyes couldn't penetrate.

It is only a mile wide along hundreds of miles of its length. So our convoy formed into two lines ahead and proceeded without zigzagging.

It still left us plenty of room to steam ahead or fall behind as we thought fit.

Outside the swept channel—on both sides—minefields.

Our destroyer exploded one of them on her last patrol, with her wash, and fortunately not quite near enough to do a lot of damage.

For hours I stood on the bridge—both in the black hours of the night and the grey of the morning.

Always the officers near me saw the two or three nearest ships of the convoy. Always I saw nothing but blackness.

There were times when our look-out suggested that there might be a stranger among us.

A quick sweep and we would find that there wasn't—and on we went.

We saw the big American "Liberty" boat pull towards the coast—safe at last. I wondered what her men would think of England?

Then we saw the men on the tanker "airing the hatches"—which means taking the covers off to release the dangerous fumes before the deadly cargo is removed.

And I wondered now how many people would fail to notice their "M.N" badges when they got ashore and treat them as anything less than the heroes they are.

And so at last *we* circled away.

Dusk had fallen on that day when aircraft were reported in the vicinity.

We looked into the sky to see our bombers going over to bomb Germany in great strength.

It was a wild night. "Almost a gale," they told me on the bridge. Great waves surged over our bows—some lashing up to the bridge.

And there, above us, stretching from one horizon to the other, those lads were keeping to a line like soldiers on parade.

Fifty, sixty, seventy, I counted in the sky at one moment. They would be over Holland in a matter of minutes.

I hoped that they would see us, and realise we were British, and know that our hearts were going out with them from the destroyer beneath which was probably Britain's most easterly outpost that night.

But I was told that they wouldn't be able to see us—indeed, that it was only because we were racing over a pitch-black sea that we could see them.

Then the last of them went and I seemed to sense that the officers of the bridge were being extra specially vigilant.

And going down to the wardroom to dry my clothes and pour hot cocoa down my frozen neck I learned why.

A fortnight before, on such a night as this, our destroyer had come across a British bomber crew of six in the sea.

"Fine lads . . . weren't they cold . . . didn't they wolf the food we put before them . . . so grateful . . . not a grumble or a boast in the whole crowd of them."

And as I listened there was a message to me from an officer on the bridge.

We had picked up wireless messages from two of our bomber crews. Having dropped their bombs, they were down in the sea. Perhaps I'd like to come up to the bridge.

It was pitch-black outside. The rain was falling almost like a solid wall. The sea was lashing over our decks.

I had to climb three steel ladders. In the pitch blackness it took me ten minutes to find the first.

I was half an hour reaching the bridge. It was thundering ominously. I was wet to the skin.

I wondered about those boys.

E-Boats Sunk

I tried to shout questions to the shadowy figures near me. The words were carried away by the wind.

Then at last I caught: "They're O.K."

Down to the wardroom again, to learn both crews had been picked up by a sister-ship.

Fine lads . . . so cold . . . and no doubt wolfing the food put before them. And not a grumble or boast in the whole *two* crews of them.

Back to port to tie up near our sister destroyers.

Then back to London to explain at home that the pyjamas and dressing-gown I took with me were caked with soap because, not having taken my clothes off to go to bed, I had used them as spare towels.

"What—in home waters!"

Next day there was something in the evening newspapers about Home waters.

Those three sister destroyers that had greeted us back, out with smaller craft, had met thirty E-boats at a place where we had sailed just before. They had sunk four, hit eleven, without loss to themselves.

Yes, you have to have your finger on the trigger in home waters.

A. G. GARDINER says that we shall play the Nazi game unless we—

Hang To

IT was Lord Melbourne, I think, who, when his Cabinet was faced with a critical issue, remarked, "Gentlemen, we must hang together or we shall hang separately."

The axiom is even more applicable to war than to politics. This war will be won by the side that "hangs together." It will be lost by the side that falls to bits. In the light of this truth, what is the outlook?

It has been the sustained argument in these columns that in the final show-down Hitler's structure will collapse within. On the face of it, the argument for two years seemed a case of "wishful thinking."

Hitler had disintegrated and conquered the whole of Europe. He had enslaved all its peoples, seized all its resources, turned it into a mighty arsenal, made of it a frowning fortress. While he was victorious his fortress looked terrific, invincible.

But it was a sham fortress. Behind the stupendous façade the structure was rotten. It was not a fortress, but a prison. It was peopled by millions of rebels and slaves, terrorised by the lash of the slave-driver, but hating the tyrant and living and working with only one thought—revenge.

Hitler had devoured Europe, but he had not digested it. He could not digest it. Ultimately he would perish in the ruins of his own monstrous creation.

That was the argument.

* * *

It is still the argument, now fortified by a torrent of events. Ever since that unforgettable November of 1942, the star of Hitler has been on the decline. His career of conquest has come to an abrupt close.

He has been defeated on every front and in every element. He has been driven within his fortress. And through the open roof of the fortress a ceaseless avalanche of ruin has descended in ever increasing volume upon the nerve centre of his system.

He is caught like a rat in a trap—nonetheless a trap because it is as big as a continent.

And as the enemy without presses in on him from all sides, the enemy within joins battle. We talk of the second front that is coming. But Germany is already beset on every front.

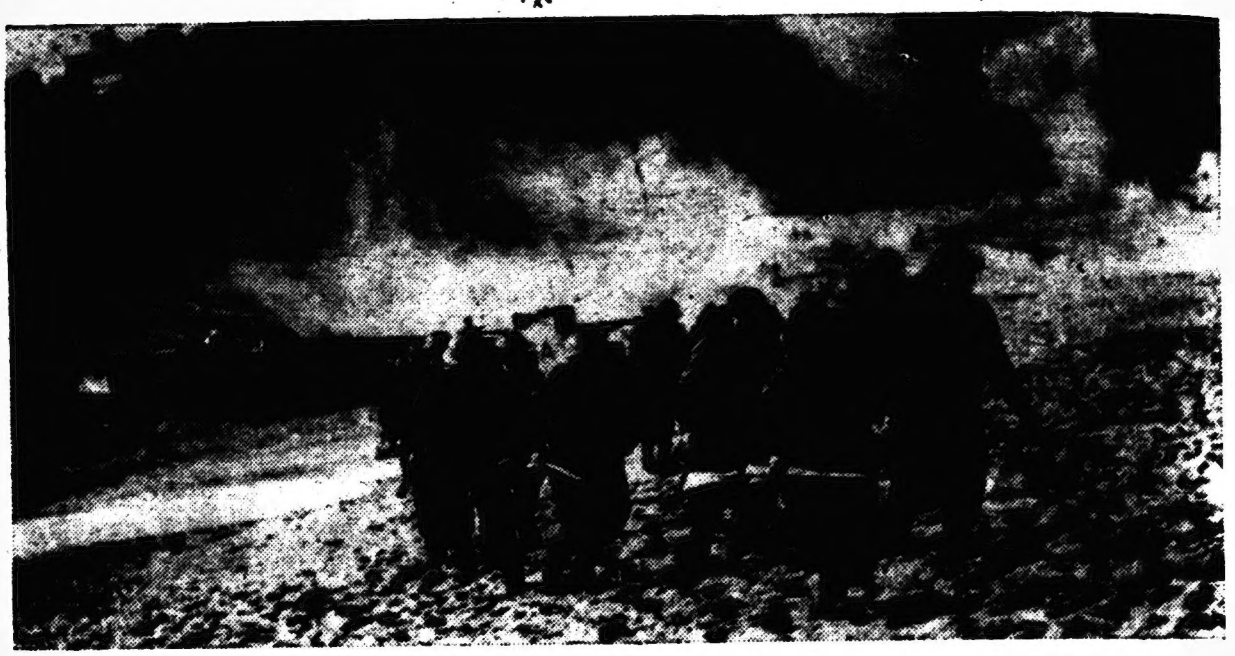
And the most dreaded front of all is the internal front—the front within the fortress, the front that stabs now here, now there, sabotaging her factories, wrecking her trains, blowing up her munitions and fuel dumps, fighting her in the open, slaying her agents in the dark over the whole face of Europe.

As the doom of invasion closes in, the isolation of Germany becomes daily more pronounced. The rats are fleeing from the sinking ship.

Her only out-and-out ally has gone over to her enemy. The wretched satellites who joined her, either under compulsion or because they thought they were backing a certain winner, are fleeing for safety.

Hungary will send no more of her men to the shambles. Rumania, already bled white in Russia, is panic-stricken as the day of reckoning approaches from the east.

With the fall of Mussolini, the whole burden of the struggle throughout the Balkans has fallen on the Germans. Yugoslavia and Greece, which have never bowed the knee, are carrying on their heroic fight with redoubled passion as the certainty of deliverance draws near.



All the world is waiting for us to give them the signal to start

* * *

And in all the stricken countries under the heel of the tyrant, the underground world is seething with volcanic fires. In Central Europe, Poland and Czechoslovakia are mined with explosives, material and spiritual, that will wreck the eastern wing of Hitler's fortress when the hour strikes.

AND ON ALL THE WESTERN SEABOARD OF EUROPE THE NATIONS ARE WAITING IMPATIENTLY FOR THE WORD TO BE GIVEN. INDEED, THEY ARE ANTICIPATING THE WORD. THEY CANNOT BE HELD.

Look at the magnificent record of heroic Norway. Look at the superb effrontery of gallant little Denmark. Watch Holland and Belgium, and the rising tide of resistance that is spreading over France.

And then, to complete the picture of life within Hitler's fortress, consider the cloud of gloom and defeatism that has settled over Germany itself.

Read the daily dirges of Goebbels, the mournful broadcasts of Dittmar and the rest, the candid admission that "Heil Hitler" is ceasing to be the German way of saying "Good morning."

The idol is broken. "Grüss Gott" is heard again in the land. Satan is being dethroned and God is being rediscovered. Philip has been very drunk. Now he is getting sober.

* * *

Such is the state of things inside the European fortress. If "hanging together" is a condition of victory, the outlook of Nazi Germany is pretty bleak. It would be bleaker still but for one disquieting fact.

By comparison with the enemy, of course, the solidarity of the Allies is indisputable.

We are united in a single immediate purpose—the destruction of the Nazi monster. We have an agreed strategy. We have a common post-war aim—the reconstruction of the world on a just and peaceful foundation. There is no major conflict between the three principals. The Moscow and Teheran Conferences have given us the assurance of this.

Nevertheless, things are not as they should be. With victory in sight, there is a disturbing tendency towards "hanging separately."

Cross-currents are developing. Quarrels are becoming too frequent. Local politics and rival nationalisms are becoming unpleasantly prominent.

There is a disposition to think that the war is going so well that we can afford to "take our eye off the ball," and turn aside to squabble over questions of politics, frontiers and forms of government that have no urgency and can quite well wait. This is deplorable.

Even the magnificent war record of Greece and Yugoslavia has been sullied by this sort of irrelevant and mischievous by-play.

But much the most serious occurrence is the unhappy conflict between Russia and

Germans Appoi

VICHY-FRANCE is going to the dogs!

Less than two years ago Admiral François Darlan was the great man in Pétain's realm. Now it is "Killer" Joseph Darnand.

It just so happens that the two names —Darlan, Darnand — sound almost exactly the same when you hear them on the radio.

You will hardly hear of Darlan any longer, thirteen months after his dramatic end—though you may still hear sometimes of "Darlanism" as an unpleasant political disease which has survived the late French admiral and has meanwhile spread to other countries.

But I predict you will hear of Darnand quite often in the months to come, unless he, too, is felled by some desperate French patriot.

★ ★ ★

Compared with his near-namesake the unscrupulous power-crazy admiral was almost a gentleman.

A few years ago Joseph Darnand was the proprietor of several disorderly

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Poland. It is the most serious in itself, and because it involves one of the Big Three whose undisturbed concentration on the great matter in hand needs no emphasis.

* * *

This is not the place, and I have no space, to discuss the merits of the dispute. But I must express the regret which is felt in this country and especially in America at the brusque handling of the matter by Russia.

After the assurances of Teheran, it comes rather as a shock to find a mighty Power such as Russia has proved to be adopting so imperious and peremptory a tone to a weak and afflicted neighbour and ally whose misfortune it is to be sandwiched between two great Powers that have kicked it about like a football for a century and a half.

Most of all do we regret the astonishing *naïveté* of Russia's official organ, *Pravda*, in accepting the silly rumour sent by its Cairo correspondent, that this country was engaged behind the scenes in "talking peace" with the unspeakable Ribbentrop.

Does *Pravda* believe this nonsense? Are we so misunderstood in Russia that such treachery can be thought possible? *Is it necessary to remind the world that this country since the war commenced has had no dealings with Nazi Germany?*

* * *

Let me return to the point from which I started—the necessity of hanging together. The Nazi fortress is crumbling, but it has still to be razed to the ground. Its only hope of weathering the storm is the disruption of the Allies.

In quarrelling among ourselves we play the Nazi game. We encourage their hopes. We prolong the war. We may even endanger the result. As I said last week, we have one imperative task—the destruction of the enemy.

LET NO LESSER MATTER COME BETWEEN US AND ITS SWIFT ACHIEVEMENT.

Can the Lords Do It? asks Swaffer

WHAT was the Parliament to which Churchill returned in circumstances of such self-created drama?

Some say it is "the last session of the war against Germany."

I have read the phrase, "the great Reform Parliament." I consider it "the Parliament of Evasion, Dodge-it, and Delay."

A Government that compromises with some of the enemies of old-time liberty abroad is compromising with the enemies of wider liberty at home—and so there is being betrayed Britain's one great opportunity to move forward into a mighty enfranchisement.

Reform from Within

So it is that not even all the Churchill glamour and all our liking for him could do more at Darwen than get for his candidate a bare majority. At Skipton it could not save a "safe" Tory seat!

The obvious reason is that the masses know that the New World pledges made in 1940 have been conveniently forgotten in the invasion year of 1944.

Strangely enough, unknown to the general public, or, indeed, to all politicians, the most vital changes in our system more or less decided upon will restrict the power of that so-called "place of Privilege"—the House of Lords!

In 1910 it took a "Palace revolution"—the threat of Asquith to create 500 life Peers to pass L.G.'s Budget—to rob the Upper Chamber of its power of Veto.

In 1944, a Government committee representing all sections of opinion has virtually agreed on abolishing entirely the hereditary principle in

Lord Woolton has tremendous scope

the House of Lords! Reform, this time, is to come from within!

Although in recent years the House of Lords has become little more than a debating chamber, it has had a large influence on public opinion. The cry "Down with the Lords," is dead.

Even advanced Radicals respect, to-day, the value of what is often expert opinion on legislative proposals, some of which have been based on its judgment, or on opinions its members have expressed in informal debates.

Anyway, the new scheme is to elect to the Second Chamber representatives of the three political Parties according to their number in the Commons, and to add to them a number of life peers nominated by such external bodies as the County Councils, the Federation of British Industries, on the one hand, and the Trades Union Council, on the other, and the learned professions—Medicine, Law, Architecture, Education, and so on.

In this way the Lords would become an advisory chamber, robbed of privilege, but more useful because of its representative basis.

Cynics like myself may say, however, that it is easy, nowadays, to relinquish semblance of privilege which, in reality, has passed into other hands.

In the old days, backwoods men peers, some of them nonagenarians, would turn up suddenly when the rights of Property had been challenged by a wicked Commons Then, what a row there would be!

To-day, well, what has become of the land reforms suggested by the Scott, Barlow and Uthwatt committees? It did not need the House of Lords to protest, nowadays.

Delaying actions were fought — and most successfully—by secret forces so powerful that they could work on their own.

The real power has passed from the great landlords, many of whom have been almost impoverished by death duties, into the hands of rich industrialists, who do not make speeches but who bring quiet but effective pressure on those who manipulate the Tory machine.

It did not require diehard peers to squeal against the schemes of Sir William Beveridge. Insurance societies could plot and plan without their help

And so it is that for two years now reforms of all kinds have been fought—not openly, but behind closed doors.

It was hereditary Privilege that fought Asquith, L.G., and the Churchill of his Radical days between 1906 and 1914.

It is a much more potent power that is at work to-day—"the City of London," as it is called. That means Big Business.

Fascism, as an openly avowed thing, is dead, that is, except where our blind-eyed "diplomacy" calls it 'stable governments" abroad.

It is changing here into something else to effect the same purpose—the continued enslavement of the masses and the control by private interests of production, distribution, and exchange.

If Parliament is alive to this, it shows no sign of it.

As for the higher standards of living that should be guaranteed to the island people who, in 1940, saved the world, it seemingly remains indifferent, this despite the long delay of any plan or scheme.

Yet, where is the New England?

Frustration

Now the power, if all-necessary remedies are to be found, must rest not in industrial barons who have taken it from the old-time nobility, but in the hands of the masses of the ordinary people.

It was they who, in 1910, backed Asquith.

But now, because of its own inertia, because of the "Party truce," because of the so-called "need for unity in war time," the Commons has failed to exercise that power.

We now have Government by Orders. We see decision after decision made without Parliament being consulted beforehand. We hear of "negotiations behind the scenes," like those in which the Minister of Education actually fixed up with Church leaders, who represent a minority, a plan for religious teaching for which we taxpayers, who have not been consulted, will have to find the money.

It is nice and easy for the Government to carry on its work like this.

One can see a Socialist minority in the Government literally at the mercy of the Big Business actually in control of the Tory machine—forces that have made a minimum of concession to the workers and grabbed all the rest!

So it is that a feeling of frustration spreads and grows.

Loyal to the bargain they made to save All in 1940, Labour is still in chains.

The country has gone Left But the Right remains the boss. And, until there is a new register, a breaking of the truce, and a free vote, this will continue to be true.

"Hooded Man" Minister of France

ce. In this capacity he the dregs of the French

Popular Front came to 6 he decided to take to

* * *

talian and Spanish agents recruiting and arming s against "Bolshevism." money for that purpose vast quantities of arms

important secret organisaso-called "Hooded Men," ad all over France, mainly rment-Ferrand, Marseilles, its thugs committed a olitical outrages, including f two Italian anti-Fascist nd Nello Rosselli. ecame the leader of the " on the French Riviera, lied with arms from Italy. local gun-runners was a ned Juif who, apparently, nsignments of arms and his own account. cided that such treachery deserved death. He tried to lure Juif into a trap, but the latter became suspicious and fled to Italy.

Darnand chased him across the border and killed him at San Remo with his own hands. He was first arrested by Italian police, but soon released at the request of his Nazi protectors.

After the French capitulation, the Germans remembered his services and helped him to get rich quickly.

He started a road contractor's business which secured a virtual monopoly for removals by road between Paris and the Riviera, since the German authorities granted him an exceptional petrol allowance of 500 gallons a month and special facilities for his lorries to cross the otherwise hermetically closed demarcation line.

* * *

In return, Darnand began recruiting among the dregs of Marseilles, Toulon and Nice volunteers for the "anti-Bolshevist Legion." Later he organised, on behalf of Laval and the Nazis, the "Militia" which was to supplant Pétain's half-hearted "French Legion."

The "Militia" soon became France's S.S. and Darnand its Himmler.

They organised punitive expeditions against enemies of the régime, chasing young Frenchmen who tried to escape deportation to Germany and killing well-known personalities of the Left.

* * *

Having become such an important man of the Vichy régime, Darnand persuaded his friend Laval that his personal files at the Ministry of the Interior, and especially the police reports about his ownership of disorderly houses in Nice, should be destroyed.

Last November the Germans demanded from Pétain the appointment of this gangster as "Minister of Public Order." This was too much for the aged Marshal, who began his "sit-down strike" rather than submit to such a shameful order.

But Pétain's resistance lasted only five weeks and he eventually signed the decree by which a professional killer has become responsible for "Public Order" in France!

VICTOR SCHIFF.

Dusty's Day

This Week's Short Story

FOR a start, Dusty damned the dawn. It was a jolly dawn, and Dusty wasn't jolly. Far from it.

So he damned the dawn again, to keep his hand in.

Dusty didn't see how he could keep going. Not without running right off his rocker.

He tried to ease his back against the prickly haystack, and ended by damning the haystack for a change. He hated that haystack.

A perfect mess, everything.

So Dusty damned the world.

He yawned. He yawned again. And then it occurred to him that this was the first time in his life, so far as he could remember, that he had yawned without needing to yawn.

Not that it did any good. He could yawn for ever, it looked like, and nothing happen.

"Three days and three nights," murmured Dusty. "Cor! Go mad!"

And he damned the guts out of a ladybird which crawled up a near-by stalk of grass.

As the sky turned paler Dusty became aware of a far-off pine wood, a pine wood with a strange straight end, as if a giant saw had cut a greater pine wood in half and thrown part of it away. And then, roughly, Dusty knew where he was

Roughly.

GEOGRAPHY was something Dusty had never needed, for all his travels. In the winter it was union to union In the summer it was haystack to haystack. You didn't need to know any more. Just keep moving, or you bored yourself stiff.

So that occasionally Dusty came back to the same old places.

"Ploughshare!" exclaimed Dusty with something like an old enthusiasm pulled out of a box in a dark corner.

Yes, the Ploughshare would be somewhere about; over those fields towards the dawn. And although it was the better part of ten years since, Dusty could remember the Ploughshare; in particular he could remember its old ale, red like port, fit to knock you off your feet.

He counted his money again, although he knew to the filing off a farthing how much he had. Yes! He'd got the price!

Lovely!

"That'll do the trick!" he told himself. "Old ale from the Ploughshare. . . Three days an' three nights. Gaw! Yer go bats!"

Then he remembered he'd have to wait till half-past ten before the little pub opened, and he damned the laws of the land for a change.

No church clock was near, no watch had Dusty. So that it was near to noon before he came to the Ploughshare.

It was the same old pub, low and yellow and back from the road on a lane corner, quite on its own in an emptiness of country. Benches and trestle tables were in front of it; the big meadow, with its near green gate and its far white gate, was at its side.

It might, thought Dusty, have been yesterday. The baaing of sheep came from the big meadow.

Dusty began to feel happy.

The landlord was leaning against the unshapen old porch. He glared at Dusty. Who wouldn't? Dusty looked like anybody's bad debt.

"Mornin'," said Dusty.

"Mornin'," said the landlord.

"Wonder," said Dusty, "if you still do that old ale. Red, it was. Like port. I mean, to look at."

"Ar," said the landlord.

"D'yer mean yes?" said Dusty.

The landlord eased himself over and shoved his other shoulder against the porch.

"Got the price?" he asked casually.

Because, looking at Dusty, nobody would have said he had the price.

Old Dusty grinned. Then he stuck his hand down his pocket and groped and *showed*.

"Ar," said the landlord.

"Pint," said Dusty.

The landlord stood upright for a change.

"Out here?"

"Suits me," Dusty answered, sitting at one of the tables.

The landlord reappeared with a thick glass in his hand.

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" Dusty exclaimed, and threw down the money. And before the landlord could pick up the money the glass was raised and the old red ale had gone.

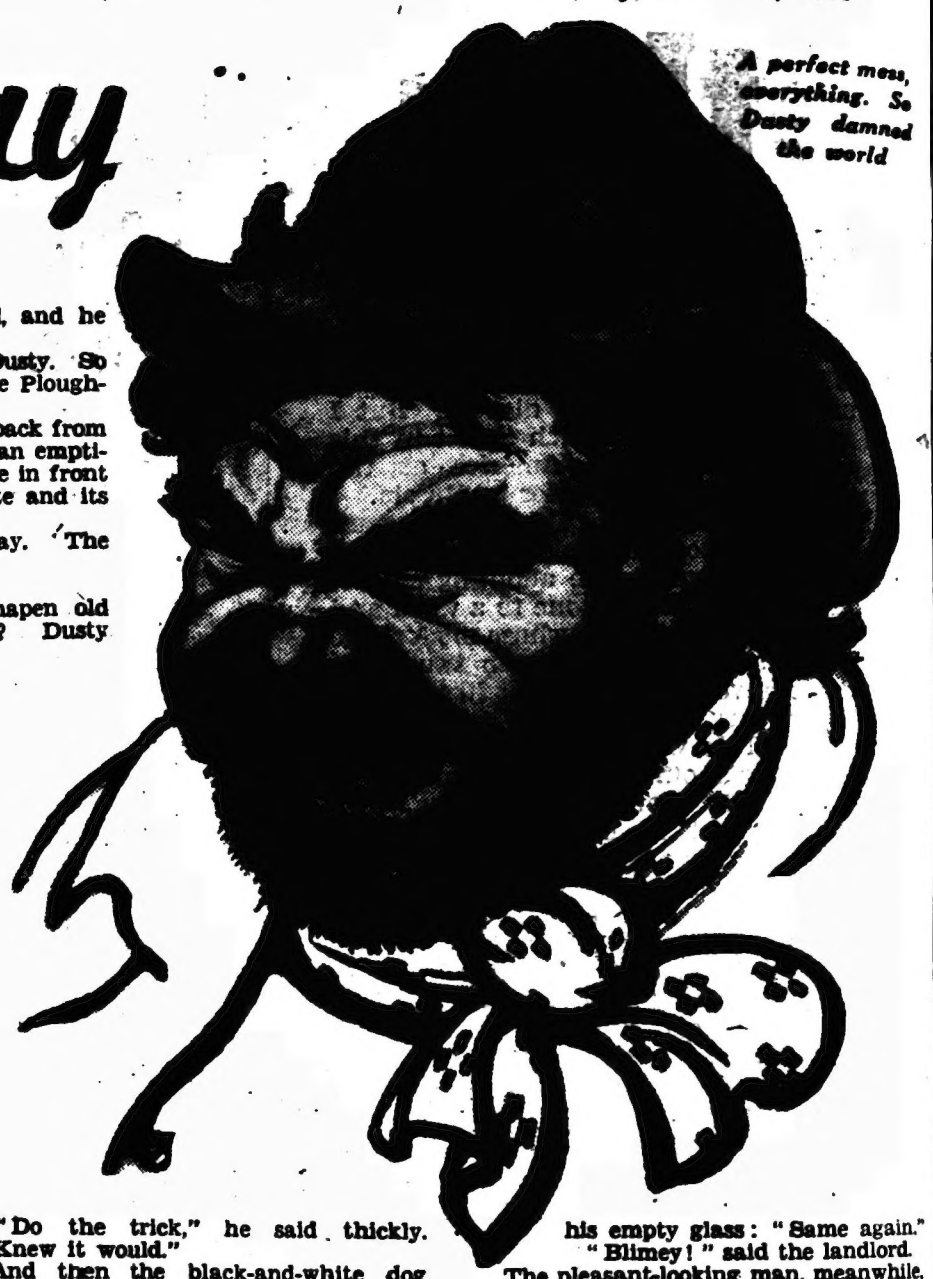
"Blimey!" cried the landlord, who had seen some things in his time.

"Same again," said Dusty.

"Blimey!" said the landlord, and picked up the empty glass and went inside.

When he returned with the second pint he hovered. But Dusty had finished his tricks. He was so slow with the second pint that the landlord tired of the show. He went indoors again and stayed there.

The summer sun crept round to the front of the little yellow pub and Dusty was happy. The heat washed up and down him like invisible water. His thoughts thickened. He looked at the ruby light in the glass of old ale and laughed.



A perfect mess, everything. So Dusty damned the world

"Do the trick," he said thickly. "Knew it would."

And then the black-and-white dog came out of the pub and growled.

"Buzz orf!" said Dusty.

But the black-and-white dog had other ideas. It came a foot or two nearer and growled again.

"'Op it!" he said. "Take a walk."

The black-and-white dog took a walk. It walked about five yards, put its nose between its front paws and stared.

"Little devil!" said Dusty. And had another pull at the old ale.

And yawned!

"Ar!" said Dusty in great glee.

SOMEBODY coughed and feet slurred. When Dusty looked up he saw that a youngish man in a sports coat and flannel trousers had come out of the pub, satisfied with ale and ready to go on with some hike or other. Pleasant-looking man. He nodded and Dusty nodded.

And the black-and-white dog risked it.

"Now that the boss is here," the black-and-white dog seemed to reason, "I can do as I like."

And he bared his teeth and leapt.

"Hi!" shouted the pleasant-looking man.

"Buzz orf!" yelled Dusty.

"Down!" snapped the pleasant-looking man.

Dusty's foot shot out and missed the dog's nose by an inch. The dog retreated and made ready to come on again.

"Goin' ter bite me!" Dusty protested.

"Down!" the pleasant-looking man repeated. "Come here! Rover!"

He dragged a lead out of his pocket and jumped between Dusty and the dog.

"Come here!" he said again. "What's the matter with you?"

He tied the lead to the dog's collar and pulled him away.

"What's the to-do?" the landlord wanted to know, reappearing from the pub.

"Dog," said Dusty. And, holding up his empty glass: "Same again."

"Blimey!" said the landlord.

The pleasant-looking man, meanwhile, with Rover in disgrace at the other end of the lead, was turning out of the lane into a side lane which curled round the back of the big meadow. A sad-looking Rover, for not half a dozen times in all his life had he been tied up on the end of the lead.

"Well, if I let you go now," said the pleasant-looking man, "will you be a good boy?"

Rover wagged his tail.

"All right," said the pleasant-looking man, and slipped his lead.

That was enough for Rover. Back in favour again.

So, up Guards and at 'em!

Away went Rover, grinning.

Sheep!

Hundreds of sheep. And if there's a heaven for good dogs, Rover knew at that moment that he'd always been a very good dog indeed.

He took one look at the sheep and charged.

And the first sheep took one look at Rover, and the other sheep took one look at the first sheep and away they all went.

"Come back!!!" shouted the pleasant-looking man.

Away went Rover. Away went the hundreds of sheep. Right across the big meadow into the far corner. Over the green gate near the pub into the road. One at a time. Ten at a time. Bleats and barks mixed up together. A terrible row.

So that it brought the landlord running out of his pub as hard as he could go.

"What's happened to the morning?" he shouted. "What's gone wrong with everything?"

And he pulled up in amazement at the tragedy in front of his eyes.

The road was filled with sheep—his sheep out of the big meadow—and still

HUMAN MACHINE

That Little Something—

● Again and again in this war Mr. Churchill has proved himself as good a philosopher and psychologist as he is a war leader.

In his message to the Navy on the sinking of the *Scharnhorst* he once more showed his depths of thought. "Everything," he said, "comes to him who knows how to wait."

Now that is something very different from the usual facile way of expressing the idea of patience. It is something vastly different from the Micawber attitude that "something will turn up." It is something quite apart from Disraeli's statement that "Everything comes if a man will only wait."

That mellow old poet Longfellow had much more the idea when he wrote:

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for every fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to wait.

For here you have the essence of the whole thing. To wait is not to be idle, not to do nothing, not to sit still with folded hands in case something turns up. That is not the essence of true patience.

On the contrary, it is an active and not a passive virtue. To know how to wait is to know how to plan and to prepare, how to so work and labour that when the opportunity comes it is recognised and seized.

To know how to wait is to have that little something that the others haven't got. It is one of the keys of power.

Y WILL SCOTT

he green gate they were coming, y two. But the most amazing f all was Dusty.
ood over the trestle table shaking and bellowing. Stamping his nd cursing everything.
even as the landlord watched, picked up the thick pint glass, now again, and pitched it against the an outhouse. Smash!
" protested the landlord. "You lo that!"
nn the whole world!" roared

at's the matter with you?" bel- he landlord.
ree days and three nights without Dusty shouted. "Never a wink. n to go mad! And just when I'm n' orf I'm jerked awake by a lot ted sheep jumpin' over a gate! 'em! Blast 'em! Damn every- To hell!"
he upset the trestle table and the bench into the road and y started to run wild.

Monsters are so Old Fashioned

ATHER think that these entist people who have in- the drug called colchicine to have gone out for the g and played darts instead. doubt it gives them pleasure to liscovered a means of producing trees and beans and cucumbers hat not. But it makes me a bit s.
without colchicine we've had retty big beans and some per- mountainous marrows. I say we, mean the other fellows, not my- At giant marrows I'm always by the man over the fence.
at any rate, I've seen them. The er the fence has always attended

even eaten them. They've been upon me.
doesn't seem to do big marrows od. And big marrows seem to do rowers real harm. A man who little marrows may be a third- rdener, but a man who grows big s always ends up as a first-rate

ems to me that size for its own a bit of a wash-out.
t all you can do with the really tare at it.

★ ★ ★

re has wiped out most of the big nents it tried in the early days. ndred-foot monsters who used to bout England in the misty past small and superior man came ith jazz and pin-tables to show ze wasn't everything. Where are ow?
mammoth and those peculiar with forty-foot necks. They even last long enough to get into s. They simply went.
puts the elephant in his place in us? The much smaller creature, Who puts man in his place. A e still smaller, woman.
ants. A friend of mine with a his bonnet (or an ant in his cap) it won't be many years before ts are numerous enough and nt enough to have a go at *us*.
hinks our human politics and wars are mere twaddle, a kind kick before we are wiped out by and keener intellects.
a pleasant prospect, but there's in it.
uld be fitting, I think, for the xt door, who has given his life ster marrows, to survive most of d and end up in a cage, to be at by ants at tuppence a time.

A. G.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Here To-Day and Gone To-Morrow!

THE ordinary trickster—the little crook who is here to-day and gone to-morrow—is becoming an unusually dangerous menace.

This is because Scotland Yard, now that its detective staff is reduced on account of the war, is more concerned with long investigations into Black Market operations, grafting and corruption, and all the other "big" conspiracies that are constantly coming to light.

Not that the police are neglecting any variety of crime. But, naturally, while their best men are rounding up the "Big Fry" the little crook is having much too much opportunity.

My postbag, heavy nowadays, shows that housewives and small tradesmen are the worst dupes of these pests who, though their individual hauls are comparatively small in each case, are able to enjoy large and handsome incomes.

Let me give you some typical examples of what you are up against:

Type Number One: In this category I place crooks who advertise foodstuffs and goods in short supply on an attractive scale and, when they have been in one district just long enough to attract the attention of the police, disappear to pastures new.

They use a different name in each district—which provides a bad start for any local police inquiry!

The following advertisement recently appeared in a local newspaper:

"Saccharine Tablets, Government standard 10d. packets at 7s. 6d. a dozen. Maximum amount to any order 12 dozen, £4 12s. Orders despatched in strict rotation. Also Aspirin 3d. packets at 24s. a gross—Arthur Fielding, Distributor, 257, Mare Street, Hackney, London, E.8."

People who answered received an acknowledgment of their "esteemed order" on notepaper which described Mr. Fielding as a "Wholesale Distributor of Pharmaceutical Proprietaries and Chemical Specialities." He appeared to be in a large way of business, having codes for use in dealing with his orders.

Well, of the hundreds of people who sent him money with their orders, I have yet to discover one who has received any supply of saccharine from Mr. Fielding.

Disillusioned clients are now sending details of their experiences to the Criminal Investigation Department of Hackney Police Station, London, E.5. As the detectives there have the matter well in hand I advise all victims who are among my readers to do likewise.

Look Hard

Several other advertisements, worded in a curiously similar manner, are appearing in different papers, and I urge all advertising managers to keep their magnifying glasses busy.

For I happen to know that Fielding, in another name, has since worked this same dodge from a provincial address. In order not to interfere with any police inquiries that will now be made I shall say no more for the moment.

So deal only with well-established and reputable advertisers.

Type Number Two: In this class I place the men and women "Market Pests." They are crooks who get Black Market supplies of such miscellaneous goods as hair cream, face powder, food, household goods, fruit "juices," lighters—and so on.

They arrange to hire a stall in one of

Twice-nightly thieves haunt small hotels

the hundreds of market places in every part of the country and visit each in turn until they have made a complete tour of all.

In order to dodge inquiries they do not go direct from one town to another, but travel long distances between each—another trick to slow down police inquiries.

One man, whose real name is David Rogers, has dumped vast quantities of rubbish on housewives in the last few months and many complaints have been lodged about him.

Let me give you the same advice as that given above where goods in short supply are concerned.

If you are inclined to shop in market places, deal only with traders who are known to the market authorities as being genuine dealers.

Incidentally, quite a lot of "saccharine"—which turns out to be just plain chalk—is sold in street markets by crooks who are only visitors.

Type Number Three: I call rascals who belong to this class "Two-Night Deceivers." They call at a boarding house or small hotel, say they are in the district for a day or so on urgent business, book board and lodging, and then decamp with everything they can find of value.

Some produce what appear to be official credentials, and say they have come from H.M. Office of Works, or some other official department, to fix up urgent "arrangements" for Government work that is shortly to be undertaken in the district.

There are hundreds of rogues of this particular type at large, and many of them are actually "wanted" by the police in different names.

One of the most persistent is a much-toured scoundrel who pretends that he is in the employ of a well-known firm of Government contractors. He tells engaging stories of his alleged operations, but it is his well-played "confidential" manner which brings him success almost everywhere.

His aliases include "G. Thornton," "W. Alexander," "Arthur Harrison," and "Douglas Hamilton."

Another polished thief, who works on almost identical lines, is William James Pawsey, who, with over a score of names among his stock in trade, has been to prison on 18 different occasions.

He is busily doing this "Two-Night" roguery just now, so—Housewives, Beware!

Type Number Four: In this category are begging letter-writers of all ages—bogus ex-doctors, ex-soldiers and ex-sailors, ex-nurses, ex-professional men, ex-stage stars who have fallen on evil days.

"Men from Dunkirk" who seek a little immediate help.

Sea tigers, once the Pride of the Merchant Navy, ruined through their hazardous life or some accident at sea. No pension, only solace the help they can get from the charitably disposed.

Frauds most of them!

Chief exponent of this sort of thing is a man with a dozen names—"Roland Stuart" and "George Sidney Herbert" are two of them. His record is a life-long string of lies. Among his false claims are his "days" at Sandhurst, his years as a petty officer, his "service" as a naval captain, and the purely mythical distinction he won during the Boer War.

He is a rank impostor, and has been convicted on a number of occasions for false pretences.

Type Number Five: Here are the bogus estate agents who advertise small flats or rooms—and charge a fee for "the key."

"The key" dodge is an old one brought up to date with fine results for the dodgers and disastrous consequences for the dupes.

He's Precise

One man, in the aliases of Buckran, Argyle, Jerome, and Marsden, has been very busy for the last 18 months

He advertises from a temporary address, fixes an interview at which he gives the most precise details of the alleged property he says he has to offer, and, if the requested sum of money is handed over, gives a key with permission to view.

Of course, there is no property!

You see, the accommodation shortage is so grave that people often pay their money over because they intend to take the place concerned whether it is really suitable or not.

Type Number Six: There are lots of crooks in this class, too—sneak-thieves who call on housewives, pretend to have authority to enter the premises, contrive to be left alone so that they can steal anything that will go into their capacious pockets or bags.

There is the "man from the Water Board"; the "inspector from the local Health Office" to see that the house and drains are in order; the "man from the Food Office" (to ensure you're not hoarding food); "the G.P.O. linesman" (to test your 'phone)—and, among others, the "expert from the Ministry of Agriculture" (to see that you are growing enough food in your back garden).

Yet it should not be hard, if you remember what I have said here, for you to save yourself from victimisation!

Just think it over. Make it a 1944 resolve not to be taken in so easily in the future as so many people have been in the past. I've said enough to show you how.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. T. G. Berry, Digbeth Cottage, Claverley, Wolverhampton, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are invited on any subject needing investigation or exposure. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Merchant Navy Forum

This Year We Strike!

"LEAP" Year. The Leap into Europe! . . .

The year in which we intend going in overwhelming strength into Hitler's "Fortress."

No seaman is hazy in mind about the part he will be called upon to play in the coming grand and final assault; *neither does he believe that the nation, even yet, understands how completely the war situation—and victory—depends on merchant shipping!*

Better than anyone, the seaman knows the link, the vital link, between shipping and supplies and shipping and strategy; all fronts in 1944 must be reached across the seas in ships No second, third or fourth front is possible without merchant sea transport!

★ ★ ★

But seamen have yet to understand the reason for strikes in our war industries!

Next month the calendar gives us one extra day; an additional twenty-four hours which we can well use towards the last stage of whipping the Hun. But not if we have any more strikes!

Instead of gaining a day in 1943, British war industries lost 1,676,000 working days. And the seaman wants to know why!

Every extra rivet, every additional steel plate, every extra yard of hawser and rope supplied to a ship, every ton of steam coal, helps bring victory so much nearer.

Every minute of every hour war workers put in gives our seamen a better chance of surviving the onslaught when the Allied fighting men enter beleaguered Europe

And every minute of every hour our war-workers back up the seamen brings nearer that blessed day when British family life can be resumed in Peace.

He hasn't ever said so, but the average seaman might legitimately pose this problem for the Government and the people to ponder over: What might happen if we, on the eve of the big invasion, walked off our ships in a body, struck work, and refused to play our part? Think it over, you folk!

BLIND MOCKERS

SOME folk mock at sentiment, they think it is feeble trash. They think life is bought and paid for with material things and cash. They laugh at those who see in grief something to surmount, they think such things as faith and hope are things of no account.

THEY think that tenderness is just a weak and silly state, they think that prayer is just a sort of cunning religious bait. They scorn those folk who thread a dream into life's troubled weave, and they think that the uplifted soul is but an empty sleeve.

THEY think that garnered thoughts are like bundles of useless weeds, and words of comfort, sounds which fools pipe on broken reeds. They think sympathy is balderdash, they mock at treasures of the mind. They see everything so plainly, yet they go through life quite blind.—J. M.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

A STROLL in Ismalia, far away in the Magic East, may have its drawbacks. Gnr. R. Brooke, R.A., explains things in a letter to a friend at Market Place, Haslingden, Lancashire:

You cannot walk down any street in this town without people trying to sell you anything from a watch to a wallet, or they offer to tell your fortune, or black your boots.

We fell for the bootblack racket once. A boy in the street urges you to have a shoeshine for one piastre. When he has finished the fun begins. He now wants two or three piastres; naturally, this is indignantly refused. The boot-boy then threatens to put blacking all over your nice clean clothes, and if there is a gang of them the situation is awkward and lacking in dignity.

However, if a policeman is handy, the situation is soon under control. If not, anything may happen . . . and often does.

Animal Noises

The Italian campaign is tough, but there are pleasant intervals according to Spr. B. F. Smallshaw, R.E., serving with the Eighth Army, who writes to his mother at Castle Lane, Redhill, Bournemouth:

At the moment we are stationed at the small town of "Blank," and we are quartered in a large house partly occupied by civilians and animals. Ours is a large "L"-shaped room on the ground floor, and in the farthest corner are two jackasses. These animals seem to be quiet all day, but in the middle of the night they call to their kind, who, from the noise they make, must be in Milan.

The first night I heard the call of these animals I jumped clean out of bed. The noise was a cross between an American police siren and an air raid warning. But we have got used to it: we are not doing too badly.

Not all the dark-eyed ladies are allaring!

Slightly disillusioned about the "Magic East," Sig. A. Fitzpatrick, M.E.F., writes to a friend at Adamswell Road, Glasgow:

Back home at the cinemas you have seen films about the desert; Arabs looking very picturesque, with swift-moving camels, and dark-eyed and dusky maidens alluring and enchanting.

Well, pal, don't believe it! I have seen the Arabs and the camels in their native haunts, and they are a scruffy, smelly collection. As for the girls; blimey, you wouldn't lift up your window to look at them if a whole bevy of them were passing down Springburn Road.

Speaking of other ruins in these parts, a few days ago I visited the Temple of Jupiter, which was a bit weird, especially the burial chamber, where some of the coffins were wide open. Belie... I did not stay long when I saw th... tents.

No more temples for me, at le... this week.

I have had time for a look-in at... for the Nile, the Sphinx and the... mids, but they are not so hot a... are cracked up to be. Maybe I'm... to please, but they can keep... "Wonderful East" as far as I a... cerned. Springburn every time i... enough for me, and a nice pint... "local."

Civilised Germans

An R.A.F. man brought dow... the sea near Ostend owing to e... trouble was rescued by Germans... is now in a prison camp. He... a rare tribute to the gallantry o... enemy in a letter to his broth... Bracken Bank, Hutton, Essex:

I am safe and well after having... brought down by engine trou... Ostend.

Unfortunately, our rear-gunne... drowned when we hit the sea.

Five of us managed to get in... rubber dinghy. Later we were... up by a German rescue boat. B... sea been less rough we should p... have got home, but it is all in t... of the game.

I was given a cup of brandy w... landed, and felt all the better... We were treated very well by th... *waffe* officers and men, and we... plied with food and cigarettes... journey to this camp.

Of course it would happen that... day of our bit of trouble that I... date to take a certain lady to the... at ———, which made me madd... However, these things do happen... to see you soon.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

UNDER TWENTIES STATE... THEIR VIEWS

FIRST of all I want to express my genuine gratitude to all the young people who wrote to tell me what is wrong with the Youth Clubs.

They were interesting letters, serious in purpose, and written with vigour. Best of all, they kept to the point.

Well, what *is* wrong with the clubs?

A great many members dislike the word "youth" (Who wants to be called a "youth"?)

The law calls them "minors" or "young persons;" educationists call them "adolescents;" but I like the suggestion put forward by several writers that the name should be "the under-twenties' club."

Other members, especially girls, think it a mistake to expect young people aged from fourteen to twenty to mix together. Girls of eighteen and nineteen have nothing in common with girls of fourteen and fifteen The gap is far wider than it is between nineteen and thirty. The need is for separate clubs for the under-sixteen and the over-sixteen.

But the two worst features are: (*a*) the wrong sort of leaders, and (*b*) snobbery among the members themselves. Let me quote one or two of a great many letters on these subjects:

To begin with, writes a young man, **leaders of clubs should be chosen who understand and love the work. If some young hooligans come in and start a free fight we should turn out—not the hooligans, but the leader! There is no such thing as a bad boy, and we have all been hooligans at some time or other.**

Leaders should realise that this is a modern world we are living in. Don't condemn a lad because he wants to go to the pictures. Remember that youth is doing its bit to win this war, and youth should be at the helm in every youth club.

HERE is another from a girl of nearly seventeen:

The youth centre I belong to, she writes, is run by a clique of ex-secondary school boys and girls, who organise all the debates, discussions, dances, and outdoor activities to suit themselves.

The rest of us are made to feel "out of it." Can one wonder that the youth club is a bore and a flop whichever way it is looked at?

A similar complaint is made by a young man of seventeen:

Most of the young people who ridicule the clubs, he says, have received only an elementary school education, and in mixing with the secondary school people they feel as much out of place as a navvy at a public banquet. They cannot talk so cleverly; they have not been taught to appreciate good literature, music, art, and other things which make life most worth living.

The more educated are always... to manage the affairs of the cl... naturally the others drift away, t... the streets, trying to find some... outlet for adventurous spirits.

And here is just one more:

You asked for candid opinions... youth clubs, says the writer, and... this opportunity of giving mine... real trouble lies with the leaders... general attitude seems to be, "... we've got them here. What shall... next?"

The result is that the young fe... left hanging about, chatting a... themselves, or (in the case of a st... standing with a sickly smile on... her face.

You go to the club full of joyf... cipation, but you get nothing but... stare.

I ask you, Humanist, would... rather see a good film, with you... at rest, than spend an evening... at out-of-date magazines in a... acute mental discomfort?

What we really need is somethi... and easy, clean and decent, a p... which we can go without an... quaking as to how we shall be r... Let the Government give us th... the problem will be solved.

Although this letter will in all... ability never be read by the gener... lic, I thank you for the opportu... getting all the aforewritten off my...

I have plenty of other letters a... try to print some more when a...

Have you an interesting letter
a relative in the Forces? ONE
NEA will be paid for each one
ished—more if a good adventure
used at greater length—and
e letters are returned. 10s. 6d.
Readers' Views. Address all
rs to "Voice," JOHN BULL,
, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

* * *

Test Nerves

F. men training in Canada to
lots have their moments of de-
dency about "getting through."
course. L.A.C. A. Budworth
s to his family at The City,
lon, Nottingham:

old gang try to scare us with
of the terrifically cold winter
out here, mentioning casually
owstorms that last for weeks on
e snow twenty feet deep, and the
s of flying in these conditions.
speak of all this with a superior

, of course, are on the way back,
are going towards it.
n't the weather I'm scared about,
prospects of "getting through."
y I feel confident, especially after
uring chat with a man who has
pes and brevvy up; the next day
own in the dumps, biting my lip.
ways the same before each course,
terwards we wonder why the hell
e so scared.
coming course really is THE test,
, and if successful we can laugh
fears and then get down to real
s.
We had our first physical training
to-day, and it was comical to hear
nts cracking and the groans of
ys. This was our first organised
h" for about a month, but we
on be trim and fit for anything.

g people know where they want to get to!

occurs. There are other criti-
but I have selected the most out-
g.
horrible to know that this social
y is so strong; horrible to be
feel "inferior" because one has
n to a "swank" school or because
arents are not so well off.
of the things that makes me see
the treatment of scholarship
in some fee-paying secondary
In many cases they are the
of mental cruelty inflicted by
upils and sometimes even by the
Is this going to ruin the youth
ent, too?
new Education Bill is long over-

B. L. JACOT describes how an Australian saved plane and crew

A Miracle Brought Them Home

THE huge Liberator with her four engines flat out rose almost imperceptibly from the concrete just short of the end of the mile-long runway. She was heavily laden with fuel, a Coastal Command aircraft officially styled: "Very long range."

The Iceland skies were steel-grey overhead and snow-capped mountains formed a horseshoe horizon. On the open side lay the sea, thousands of miles of grey waste to Greenland and Canada.

The Australian pilot, Flight-Lieut. A. W. Fraser, D.F.C., headed his ship carefully out into the wastes. A long night in this desolate country of the Far North would come and go before he got his Liberator back to base, he was thinking.

He was wrong. Fraser had been flying with Coastal Command for three years and had spent hundreds of hours on anti-U-boat patrols and sweeps. This sortie was to be one he would remember all his life—one that would win him an immediate bar to his D.F.C.—one that marked him out for cool courage and skill that has seldom been matched.

But Fraser did not know it as he took his great ship and crew out into the wastes.

Into Action

For three hours the Liberator droned out over the sea.

Fraser and his second pilot, a Canadian, were scanning the area beneath them from the twin seats, behind the perspex in the nose, their glasses to their eyes with the automatic pilot keeping the ship on her course, when the man from Canada gave a shout: "Indication! Five miles, fifteen degrees off starboard bow!"

For a brief moment Fraser looked, then he switched off the automatic pilot and swung into action. "This is it!" he yelled into the intercom. "Action stations!"

A big U-boat lay fully surfaced below. The Liberator raced into the sun and dived like an arrow on to the target, every man keyed to highest pitch.

Visibility was good—too good. The U-boat spotted the Liberator almost at once and took violent evasive action. Her guns opened up, and as the aircraft came streaking in tracer flak poured up in an ever-thickening cone.

The Flight-Lieutenant was an extremely skilful pilot. Three years' experience lay behind his every move. He had his course and speed just right. He held the giant machine straight through the flak. At fifty feet he arrived at his target—the wildly zigzagging U-boat. He dropped his depth charges in a perfect straddle while the Liberator's guns poured in a hail of death.

It was a perfectly executed attack. As the Liberator banked steeply the crew saw their target hidden in the depth-charge explosions. The plumes of water had scarcely subsided when four or five Germans were seen in the water. Soon twenty were seen clinging to the wreckage in the midst of a huge oil patch spread over the surface of the sea. The U-boat was gone—a certain "kill."

Reports were coming in to the pilot over the intercom. The machine had been badly damaged by the storm of flak. The engineer had been hit in the neck by a shell splinter, but, badly injured, he insisted on remaining by the bomb doors to keep them open.

The tanks were punctured and were leaking fast. Luckily the hits were high up. The wounded engineer kept the doors open until the dangerous flow had safely run out overboard, then, slimed with blood and petrol, he collapsed.

Apother report came that the nose landing wheel compartment had suffered a direct hit. The hydraulics were out of operation and the wheel wrecked. Other damage was less vital, but the machine was in very poor shape to reach her base. "Think we can make it?" the Canadian pilot asked.

"We can try," Fraser told him. "See to the engineer and to the other two who are wounded. No use to think of baling out. We're all in this together."

Fraser managed to hold his ship on a course for base. As minutes passed into hours he held the Liberator as lightly as if it were a splintered eggshell. In four hours no unavoidable strain was put on her structure, parts of which hung together by mere sheds of metal. The great ship, flying low, reached her base. But, as all aboard her knew, although a miracle has been performed, the worst was yet to come.

The pilot circled the airfield gingerly while all resources on the ground were concentrated to deal with the certain crash. A Liberator lands on a tricycle undercarriage—one wheel out in front with the two main wheels amidships.

The pilot had only two wheels—both of them badly damaged—so that there was nothing to prevent the machine smashing on to her nose as soon as those wheels touched the concrete, and going up in a white-hot blaze of burning fuel.

Finally, Fraser swung the machine round to come in for landing. "Boys," he said to his crew over the intercom, "we've only a chance in a thousand, but I'm going to bring it off—see? Get everything that can be moved into the tail. When you've done that everyone gets back into the tail and sits tight. Understand? Over!"

The Canadian second pilot, the Canadian engineer, an Aberdonian, and another Australian, Flight-Sergeant Ernest Arthur Mincham, of Collins Street, Kalgoorlie, all knew that almost certain death faced the skipper sitting up in front when the 20-ton aircraft crumpled up her nose. Those in the tail might get thrown clear before the flames burnt them to unrecognisable cinders. They made no comment, but shifted everything movable to the tail.

"Okay, Skipper?" they reported, plugging in the intercom in the tail gunner's turret.

"Okay, boys!" Fraser said. "Sit tight and happy dreams!"

Blur of Speed

The great ship came true to a hair's-breadth on to the runway.

She made the landing without flaps and without brakes—they had been shot away. The Liberator touched her screaming wheels on the concrete at better than a hundred miles an hour. The crew felt the jolt and sat tensed and waiting. The runway shot past in a blur of speed.

The screaming rose to a wail, but the big ship still held true and level. It seemed the speed would tear the whole fabric to pieces. At any moment now the tanks would burst into white-hot furnaces and the end would come.

The ship began to wobble. Fraser at this moment showed his supreme skill.

He pulled back his stick, matching the moment when speed had fallen enough to prevent the 'plane lifting with the need to force its weighted tail down. Those crouched in the back felt the tail come down. They felt it touch the concrete. First light as a feather, then heavier. Now it was another

This adventure brought him an immediate bar to his D.F.C.

fiendish screech of metal on speed-blurred concrete. "Like holding a long knife against a grindstone," said Mincham.

Master's Touch

As the weight of the tail served to reduce speed the machine swung wildly. First towards one wing tip, then back on to the other. A violent swoop to port—corrected by hair's-breadth control. A sickening lurch in the other direction, balanced with a master's touch on the rudder. And all the time a pandemonium of grinding noise.

From a hundred-miles-an-hour speed to 80 . . . to 60 . . . to 40 . . . 35. Now it was possible to make out the shape of the airfield rushing past. The tail was ground away and fell off in a huge mass of sparks. The rudder crashed to the ground and somersaulted among machines parked near by. One wing touched and swung the machine round.

The Liberator left the concrete, bumped over the dried mud. A terrific bump and then . . . the crew could hardly believe it—the airfield had stopped racing past them. All was still.

"Come on!" ordered Fraser. "What did I tell you? Here we are! Get moving."

Dazed, the crew stepped out of the machine through the huge hole where the tail assembly had been. They pulled the wounded engineer out with them, then stared at the pieces of their machine scattered back for more than a mile over the runway.

"Sorry I had to park it here, Sir!" Fraser said to the C.O., who arrived in a cloud of dust in his car.

"My Holy Aunt!" the C.O. told him. "I've never seen anything like it. You've got a bar to your D.F.C.!"

The official notification ran: "He was awarded an immediate bar to his D.F.C.!"

No bar could have been more immediate than the one won by Flight-Lieut. A. W. Fraser, D.F.C., of Atherton Tableland, Millaa-Millaa, North Queensland . . . or better deserved.

Look After Your Hair Now

and ensure its health and beauty for happier days to come. Keep in touch with your usual source of supply. Your restricted share of HARLENE preparations will come to your district soon. Don't miss it.

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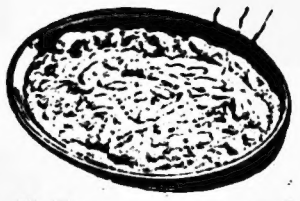

Macaroni Cheese —a new recipe!

Twice as nourishing made this way

4 oz. macaroni; 1 pint water; half-oz. margarine; 1 oz. flour; quarter-pint milk; seasoning; 1 tablesp. chopped parsley; 2 oz. grated cheese; 2 dried eggs, reconstituted.

Made with eggs—dried eggs—Macaroni Cheese is twice as delicious *and twice as nourishing*. Dried eggs, as you know, have the same food value as shell eggs—they're fresh new-laid eggs with shell and water removed. So serve this dish *often*.

Boil macaroni in the water for 20 minutes, strain and keep the liquor. Put macaroni in pie-dish, then make sauce this way: melt margarine, blend well with flour, add milk and a quarter-pint of macaroni liquor, bring to boil and cook for 2 to 3 minutes. Add seasoning, parsley and half the grated cheese. Pour over macaroni, then pour on eggs and sprinkle on rest of cheese. Cook in moderate oven for 10 minutes. A grand supper dish, sufficient for 4.

Double Ration: Two packets of Dried Eggs allowed per ration book (4 for Green Books) during present 4-week period.

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

LAST LAUGH

J. F. (Inverness).— "Camping-out on a snow-clad hill is an exhilarating experience." It leaves us cold.

D. W. (Cambridge).—"Prior to a recent exercise Home Guards slept in their steel helmets." But only the really diminutive ones managed to curl up with any degree of comfort.

E. L. (Rye).—"It was stated in the House that writers on military topics in the Press had done no harm." On the contrary. When invasion was considered imminent in 1940 they threw the Fuehrer into the utmost confusion as to where he intended to land.

V. L. (Leeds).—"Weak spelling can be disguised by indefinite handwriting." The faulty pianist has a different technique. When doubtful about the accuracy of a chord he jams down the loud pedal and brazens it out.

COLONIAL (London, W.).—"I find the average Englishman still unbending." It's probably those non-elastic braces.

BARBER (Islington).—"I'm always on the look-out for ideas to make my work easier." Have you tried giving your customers thrillers to read while they wait, so that their hair stands on end?

R. P. (Hayes).—"Many people have started out with nothing and have become famous." Lady Godiva, for example.

TOMMY (Feltham).—"Life in the Army is one long laugh." Yes, recruits are often made to double up!

M. L. (Sheerness).—"I'm not complaining about my task in life. All I do is a simple balancing trick on the stage." This seems to us to be a steady kind of job.

MRS. A. E. (Putney).—"A man who aspires to reach great heights should feather his nest as he goes." So that he'll have something to fall back on?

C. T. (London, W.).—"I noticed at a recent concert of chamber music that several men left at the interval and did not return." A form of escapism.

ETHEL (Sunderland).—"My war time job's most thrilling phase is taking a dog for a run on a lead." You are just leading a dog life.'

R. L. (Stoke).—"Where do you think the first landings in the Second Front will be made?" On enemy territory, we guess.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Never trust a fur coat, mate! Wore one meself for two years in the trenches. Then darn near 'ad to stand it up against a wall and shoot it!"

Side-Slips

EVENING CHRONICLE: — "There must be RELAXATION of the salvage effort."

KINGSBRIDGE GAZETTE AND HERALD:—"Now is the time for beekeepers to dispose of the wax from the cappings removed during EXTINCTION."

WEEKLY SCOTSMAN: — "The balance of our diet has been altered, willy-nilly, and to a very great EVENT it has been done with apparent success."

GIBRALTAR CHRONICLE:—". . . in DR. J———'s old HOSE. . . ."

NOTTINGHAM POST:—". . . the Eighth Army continued their ADVICE on the eastern . . ."

REMEMBER!

TO PUT THE FLAVOUR INTO THAT MEAT PIE

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Joseph Winston Franklin McIver

● Patrick McIver can tell you what war means. Look at his chest and you'll see the ribbons of the 1914-15 Star and the 1914-18 Medal.

He served in Egypt for three years after the Armistice. And when this war broke he joined up again.

A fall of thirty-five feet while on guard duty in the dark resulted in spinal injuries, and his discharge from the Forces.

It resulted, too, in poverty.

He's still receiving hospital treatment. His wife and six children—ranging in age from fifteen months to fifteen years—live in a basement and two bedrooms in a slum house due to be pulled down.

And—let's be frank—father's pension and "panel" benefits don't allow adequate food for the youngsters.

We want to help this fifty-year-old Durham man. And we want to help many more whose plight is no less pitiable. You, we are sure, will enable us to do so.

All donations are pooled and allocated equitably at the discretion of the committee among all deserving cases on our books.

Please send a donation to the Secretary, JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers." We will gratefully send an acknowledgment and, on request, a list of current subscriptions. All administrative costs are borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

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A list of 25 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen
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J.J.T. 29/1/44

H.E.P.

From a doctor's diary

This is based on a doctor's experience of cases of V.D. It has been carefully edited so that the people concerned shall not be recognised.

"... Can you get it twice, doctor?"

Yes, I'm afraid you can. Venereal diseases are not like the ordinary infectious diseases—mumps, and whooping cough, and measles and so on. If you've had these once, you're usually safe. But that's not the case with V.D.

You can catch V.D. just as often as you take the risk. Just recently I saw a man who first came to see me ten years ago. He told me he'd picked up a girl, taken too much to drink, and been intimate with her. When he arrived in my clinic a week later, he knew he'd got gonorrhœa—I didn't have to tell him. After months of treatment he was cured. Five years later, he came back again with the same sort of story. And again it took months to put right the result of one evening's indulgence. I thought he'd learned his lesson that time. But no. Ten days ago he came back again. I've started him off once more, this time on the new treatment for gonorrhœa.

I know he's an exceptional case. We shouldn't have much hope of checking the spread of V.D. if most people didn't have higher moral standards, more self-respect and more self-control than he's got. I only mention him to show that one attack of syphilis or gonorrhœa does *not* prevent a second attack, and that, leaving aside all questions of morals or decency, promiscuous sexual intercourse always carries a risk and cannot be made safe."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1 Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education
(VD24-27)

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F. Man Behind The Hospital—Screen, Was Behind Mule!
H. Man With A Punch—Curate, When *Typing* Sermon.
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K. Bond Of Brotherhood—"Does Yours Nag, Too?"

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154

OVER 200 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. This divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each also paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed / & Co./, with name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupon personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Feb. 26, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH £25 PLUS RADIO 1 BULLETS DOUBLED 1st. RADIO and CAKES!

25 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Feb. 18.

MAGICIAN MONTY
WAR OF MOVEMENT
STAGGERING GERMANY
NEVER FORGET
SALT OF THE EARTH
TO SURVIVE
THE DAY IS OVER WHEN
SHOWS IT PAYS
MIGHT BE BETTER
POST-WAR HORSE

IN A PIGEONHOLE
SURE TO PLEASE
FLEETING OPPORTUNITY
COMING TO BLOWS
HUMAN WRECK
NICE TO KNOW
MUST BE FACED
SOMETHING MORE
WITH A WINTRY LOOK
GAME TWO CAN PLAY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Make "Bullets" from them as usual.

WHAT ..... DESERVES
AT HITLER'S.....
LOOK AT THE ..... AND
GOOD .....
ENDED IN .....
DAD HATES .....; SO

BULLETS 1,406 RESULT appears on page 14

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Feb. 19. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday, FEB. 7
1,412

Signed .....
Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,412—or "Laugh-Lines" 154, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comps.)

Phosferine is doing the world of good says T. J. B.

ave found Phosferine to be the finest tonic for ous debility and depression, from which I have been ring for seven months. I also find that since taking ferine I sleep better and have a wonderful appetite. ferine is doing me the world of good—my nerves as bad as they could be until I started taking it.". (Signed) T. J. B., Monmouthshire.

k your chemist for this really great tonic today!

PHOSFERINE

1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)

ANADIN IN WAR-TIME

Invaluable in times of peace, 'ANADIN' is now regarded as indispensable in many factories where 'Time off' must be reduced to the absolute minimum. This well-balanced and medically approved combination, in tablet form, is playing no small part in keeping workers free from colds, headaches and muscular aches and pains. 'ANADIN' can be relied upon to relieve pain swiftly and surely without affecting the heart or causing any depressing after-effects.

1/5 & 2/10 (Inc. Tax)

ANADIN TABLETS

SHAVE

LIKE LIGHTNING WITH BRUSHLESS

Don't throw away your shaving brush merely to get a faster shave. Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. There's nothing like it for softening up beards (even with cold water). Nothing to touch it for putting a stop to after-shave sting and burn.

A wet face, a film of Colgate Brushless—shave—and be soothed.

1/6 & 2/6 *Including Tax*

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile!

Be happy in the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol, the finest, smoothest, tooth-paste made.

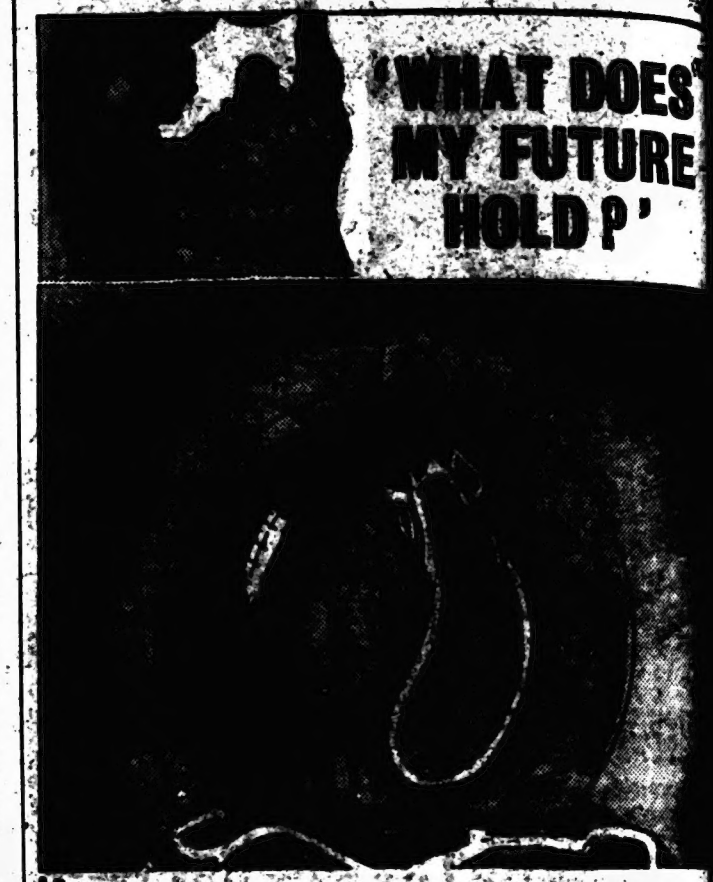
If you prefer powder, try Odol tooth powder. 6d. Double size 10½d. A TIN

TOOTHPASTE
SOLID DENTIFRICE
TOOTH POWDER
DENTURE POWDER

Keep the winning

Odol

Please return your empty tooth-paste tube to your chemist. *Smile!*



'A sinister shadow crosses your path!' Listen to the gipsy's warn ... don't let the Spoiler Bug influence your life. Safeguard your f future and that of your children by putting every penny you can spare i War Savings. The future of the whole world depends on a swift and o whelming Allied victory. Help to bring this nearer by saving more m more every week.

BUY WAR SAVINGS

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES
DEFENCE BONDS POST OFFICE AND TRUSTEE SAVINGS BA

Issued by the National Savings Committees

NOTE: 5 lbs. of coal are used in 2 hours by a gas fire or electric oven

How much will YOU save to make bombers?

Save

FUEL for BATTLE

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

RIDE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

. . . . both hands free for steering or signalling. Ease with safety, in and out of traffic. A simple backward pressure *with the foot* and you brake SAFELY in a second.

No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY

COASTER

BRAKE HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or garage.

This ointment kills germs—it contains 'Dettol'

Skin disorders are often slow and difficult to clear up because germs are poisoning the sore place and will not let it heal. Dettol Ointment marks a new scientific advance in the treatment of obstinate skin complaints. This new cura ointment contains in active form the germicidal principle 'Dettol', the modern antiseptic which is used in all our p hospitals. Dettol Ointment not only soothes and calms irritation of painful sores, but sinks deep into the tissue, t to destroy the germs of infection and to help the body cel their natural effort to grow clean new healthy skin.

DETTOL OINTMENT Healing and Actively Antise

From all Chemists 1/3, large size 3/4½, including

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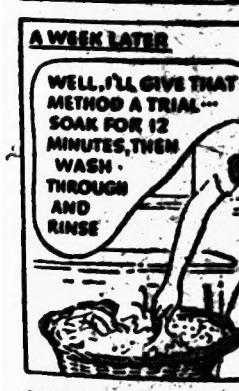

Rinse is a

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